MONEY-SAVING T-SHIRT BARGAINS INSIDE!

KERRANG!

No 115 March 6-19 85p/$2.50

BROTHERS IN BLACK

SABBATH: BORN YET AGAIN?

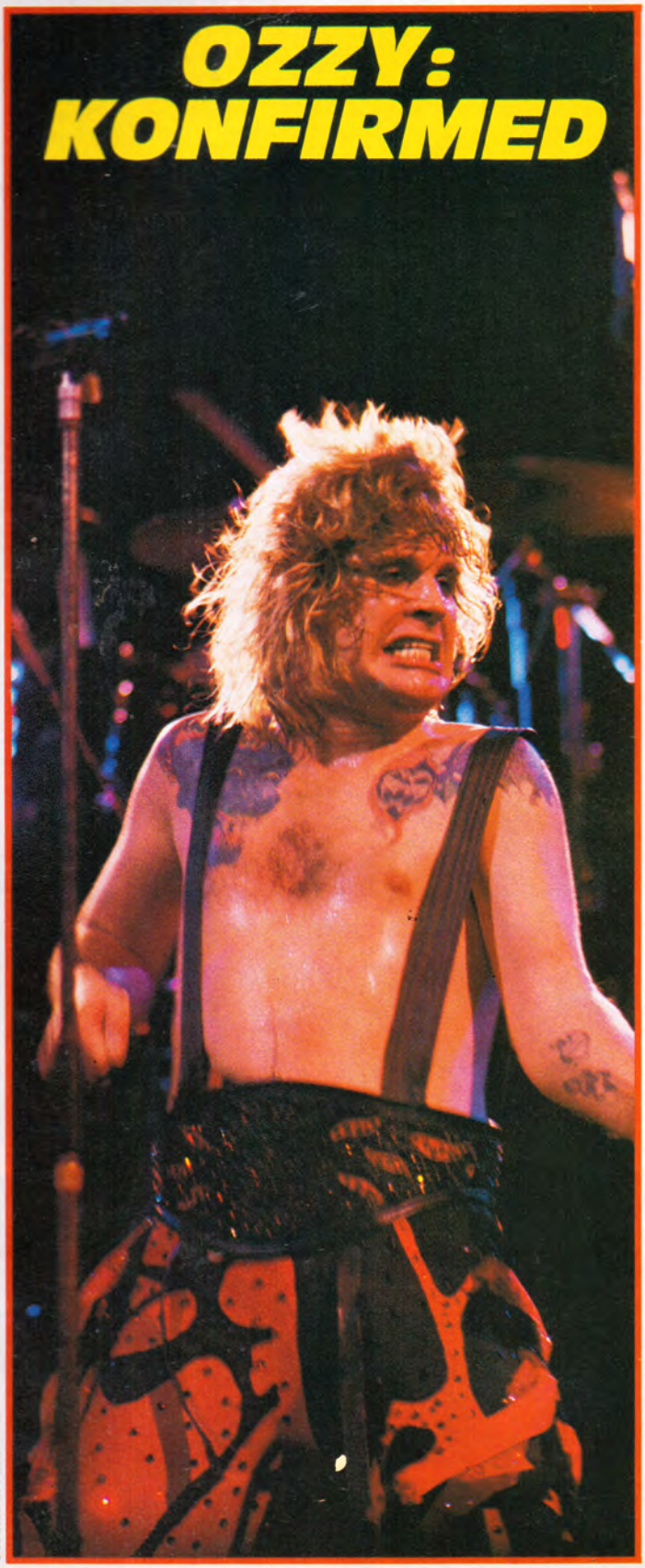
TONY IOMMI (left) and GLENN HUGHES of Black Sabbath: pic Ross Halfin

ACCEPT
CELTIC FROST
CHARLIE SEXTON
TWISTED SISTER
ARMORED SAINT
OZZY OSBOURNE

ZENO

KING OF THE KASTLE!

OZZY: KONFIRMED



Pic Robert Ellis

■ **OZZY OSBOURNE** (pictured left) will headline the 1986 **Castle Donington Festival** on Saturday **August 16**, topping a bill expected to feature six acts. This is Ozzy's second appearance at the Festival, the first coming back in '84 when he got so carried away that he over-ran by half an hour!

Tickets are priced at **£14** and are available now by post from: **Aimcarve Ltd, PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall, W. Mids W29 8XY.** An SAE must be enclosed and all cheques/POs should be made payable to: **'Aimcarve Ltd'.** Allow 28 days for cheque clearance. Alternatively, credit card bookings can be made by phoning: **01 741 8989.**

Ozzy recently completed a 20-date UK tour and will begin a US trek later this month with **Metallica** as support act.

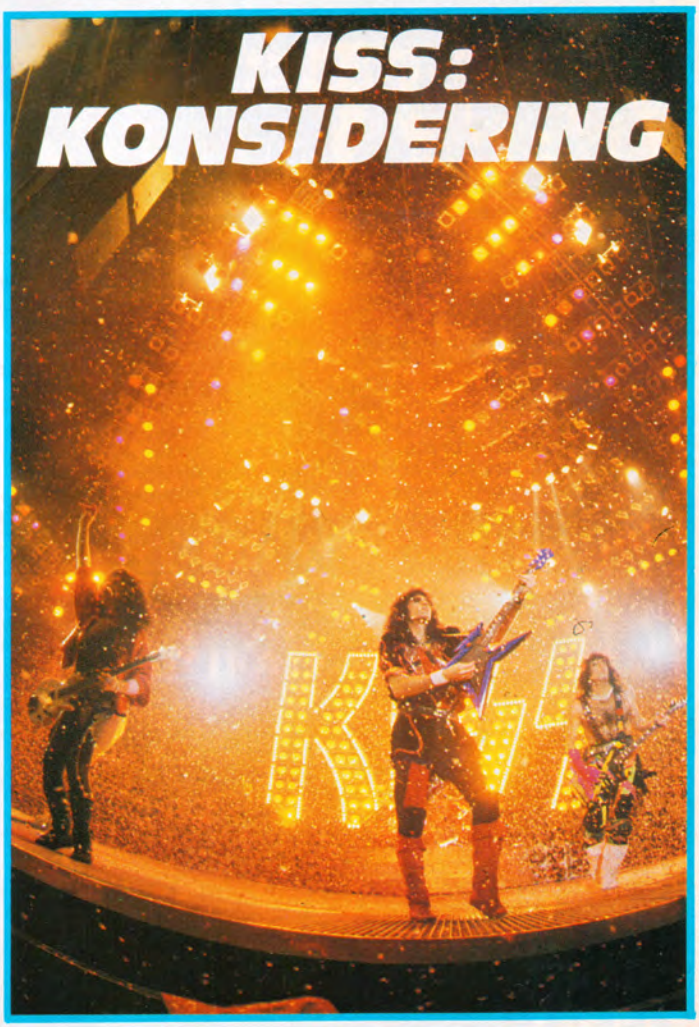
As usual, the festival line-up will follow the Donington event (the seventh) by working its way around selected European countries. However, the **Scorpions** and *not* Ozzy will be topping the bill on these occasions.

With regard to other acts likely to appear on the Donington bill, there has been the usual mass speculation but as yet no definite names. However, it *is* certain that **Kiss** (pictured below) have received a firm offer to occupy the 'Special Guest' position (second from top), though at the time of going to press the band had still to make up their minds one way or the other. It seems that their acceptance of the invitation depends (amongst other things) on the possibility of them playing additional shows in Europe – as soon as this has been checked out they'll let us know and we, of course, will pass the info straight on to you. So it goes.

Incidentally, the individual Kiss members – **Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Eric Carr** and **Bruce Kulick** – have now committed themselves to further solo projects in the future, so stay tuned for more news on this front too.

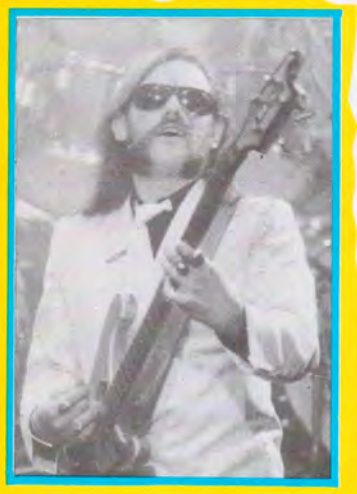
MORE* MAYHEM *OVER PAGE

KISS: KONSIDERING



Pic Ross Halfin

FROM PAGE 3



LEMMY HITS OUT

■ FOLLOWING THE recent release of the **Motörhead** compilation album **'Anthology'** on the *Raw Power* label, the band's bassist/lead vocalist **Lemmy** (above) has contacted us with the following statement.

"The album has been packaged, compiled and released without any consultation whatsoever with the band or our management (**Greybray**). Consequently, several tracks appear on it which are already available on **'No Remorse'** (a compilation put out through *Bronze* in 1984).

"Why *Raw Power* couldn't have advised us of their intentior is beyond me. We couldn't have stopped them issuing this double album as the tracks were licensed to them by our old label, *Bronze.*

"You may think it's still worth the money . . . but with a little more forethought, tact and f**king integrity maybe it could have been worth it *twice over.* I am aware of the music business in all its dirty, scum-sucking, ass-kicking detail, but why not a little more consideration for the audience, who pay for it, and the artists who create it?! These people are only bloody parasites feeding on us anyway."

■ **RATT** BEGIN work on their latest studio album with producer **Beau Hill** in Los Angeles during late May. As yet untitled, it will be issued through the *Atlantic* label later on this year.

■ SEATTLE ACT **Q-5** issue their second album through the *Music For Nations* label during April. Produced by the band, it's titled **'When The Mirror Cracked'**.

■ **TED NUGENT** has collaborated with composer **Bill Conti** on one song for a new movie called **'Nomads'**, starring **Pierce Brosnan** and **Lesley-Ann Down**. The number is titled **'Strangers'** and will also appear on the wildman's latest album, **'Little Miss Dangerous'**, due for release through the *Atlantic* label in the very near future.

■ **HELLION** BASSIST **Alex Campbell** and guitarist **Chet Thompson** were recently injured in a car accident in Los Angeles. Both members are presently taking time off from the band's recording commitments (they are currently working with producer **Ken Scott**) to recover.

■ **DOC HOLLIDAY**, who recently reformed, have signed a UK recording deal with the *Metal Masters* organisation. The band are presently working on a new, self-produced album for release during April. As yet, no title has been confirmed.

■ HIGH WYCOMBE act **Lust** are presently seeking a drummer capable of fitting into their Speed Metal style. Interested parties should contact **Bazza** on: **0494 712781**.

■ **THE REJECTS** are currently recording a new album with producer **Steve Marriott** at *E-Zee Studios* in London. The final product will be released through *Heavy Metal Records* later this year.

The band have recruited former **Randy Crawford** bassist **Ian Campbell**.

■ *POLYGRAM VIDEOS* issue **'9012 Live'**, a 67-minute cassette from **Yes** on March 27. Available in both VHS/Betamax formats, this was filmed in Edmonton, Canada and directed by **Stephen Soderberg** during the band's 1984 world tour. It features the following tracks: **'Introduction', 'Cinema', 'Leave It', 'Hold On', 'I've Seen All Good People', 'Changes', 'Owner Of A Lonely Heart', 'It Can Happen', 'City Of Love'** and **'Starship Trooper'**.

■ **PERSIAN RISK** lead vocalist **Carl Sentance** is currently standing in with **Tokyo Blade** on the act's month-long European tour supporting **Blue Öyster Cult**. However, it is being stressed by all parties concerned that this is a purely temporary arrangement and that Sentance is still very much part of Persian Risk.

Meanwhile, **Tokyo Blade** have just issued their latest album, **'Blackhearts & Jaded Spades'**, on the *TB* label (distributed through *The Cartel*). It was produced by **Ian Richardson** with the band at *Billiard Studios* in Dagenham. Departed vocalist **Vicki James Wright** *is* featured on the LP.

■ **ATOMKRAFT** HAVE parted company with **Ged Wolfe** (drums) and **Rob Matthew** (guitar), leaving **Tony Dolan** (bass/vocals) as the sole member of the band at present. The split was caused by a disagreement concerning future plans. However, *Neat Records* will shortly be issuing a three-track EP from the line-up featuring the following tracks: **'Your Mentor', 'Demolition'** and **'Funeral Pyre'**.

■ LONDON ACT **Aunt May** are presently working with producer **Dave Goodman** at *Cherry Studios* in Croydon on demo material.

■ **JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS'** guitarist **Ricky Byrd** has formed an occasional band called **Black Cat Moans**, a rock 'n' roll outfit likely to gig and record in the near future.

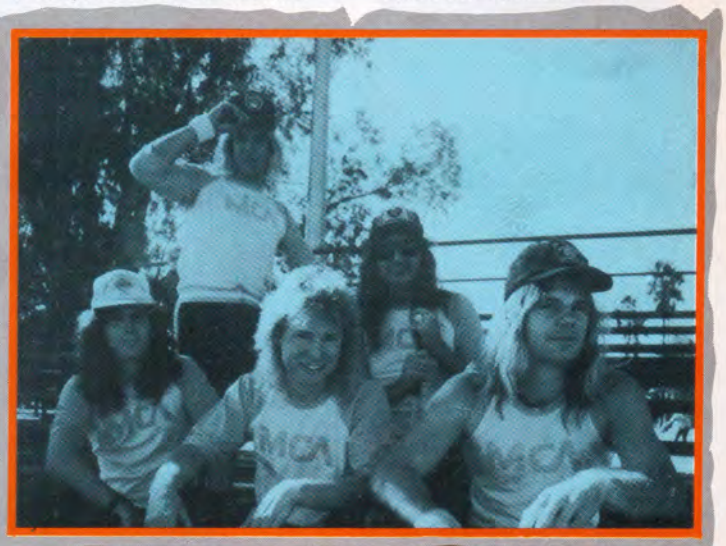
■ *NEW RENAISSANCE RECORDS* have just issued a 12-track compilation album in the US titled **'California's Best Metal'**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'The Hand' (Hellion), 'Animal' (Divine Rite), 'She's Got The Power' (Nightstalker), 'Tearin' My Heart' (Sixty-Nine), 'All Your Love' (Assassin)** and **'Executioner' (Knightmare II)**.

Side Two: **'Trial By Fire' (Palace Of Oblivion), 'Danger' (Syren), 'Mon Cheri' (Ruby Slippers), 'Last In Line' (VVSI), 'Betrayer' (Savage Grace)** and **'Rock 'N' Rule The Nation' (No Sugar)**.

■ CLEVELAND ACT **Breaker** have recently recruited lead vocalist **Al McAnespy** to replace the departed **Jim Hamar**.

■ NEW LABEL *Rentaracket Records* are keen to hear demo tapes from any Metal acts. These should be sent with a photo and a biography to: ***Rentaracket Records*, Thornton House, Thornton Lane, Leicester.**



STEELTOWN

■ **GIUFFRIA** ISSUE their second album through the *Camel/MCA* label in the US during late March/April. Titled **'Silk And Steel'**, it was produced by **Pat Glasser** in Los Angeles.

The band's new line-up is pictured above (l-r): **Lanny Cordola** (lead guitar), **Gregg Giuffria** (keyboards), **David Sikes** (bass), **Alan Krigger** (drums) and **David Glen Eisley** (lead vocals).

OUT NOW

The Video You Have Been Waiting For

THE ULTIMATE REVENGE

VENOM EXODUS SLAYER

Live at Studio 54

Available in good record & video shops or mail order from NEAT RECORDS.
Send a cheque or postal order for £20 to NEAT RECORDS, 71 High Street East, Wallsend, Tyne & Wear NE28 7RJ.
Available only in PAL system *(State VHS or BETA)*
(U.K. - Europe only)

Distribution: (0689) 73146

VIDEO

WILD FRONTIERSMEN

■ **KEEL** (ABOVE) issue their third album, **'The Final Frontier'**, through the *Vertigo* label in the UK in the next few weeks. Produced by **Kiss** bassist/vocalist **Gene Simmons** at various studios across the US (including *Village Recorders* and *Baby-O Studios* in Los Angeles and *Electric Lady* in New York), it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Final Frontier', 'Rock & Roll Animal', 'Because The Night'** (co-written by **Patti Smith** and **Bruce Springsteen**), **'Here Today Gone Tomorrow'** and **'Arm & Leg'**.

Side Two: **'Raised On Rock', 'Just Another Girl', 'Tears Of Fire', 'Nightfall'** (an instrumental) and **'No Pain No Gain'**.

Aside from the band there are also a number of guests on the LP, namely **Michael des Barres** (backing vocals) and **Joan Jett** (rhythm guitar) on 'Raised On Rock', **Jaime St. James** of **Black 'N Blue** (backing vocals) on 'Rock & Roll Animal', **Gregg Giuffria** (backing vocals) on 'No Pain No Gain' and **Mitch Perry** of **Heaven** (guitar) on 'Tears Of Fire'.

The quintet are likely to film three videos in the near future. These are for the songs 'Because The Night', 'Tears Of Fire' and 'Just Another Girl', and they also have a cameo role in the latest movie to star Gene Simmons, **'Never Too Young To Die'**.

OUT OF THE COLD

■ VOCALIST **ROBERT HAWTHORN** (above) has announced his departure from **Alaska**, the band formed and led by ex-**Whitesnake** guitarist **Bernie Marsden**. The split has been perfectly amicable and undertaken due to increasing differences of opinion over the musical direction that the band were taking. Comments Hawthorn:

"The group had been progressing well over recent months but I wasn't 100 per cent happy with the direction that some of the songs were taking. In all fairness, I think that Bernie and the rest of the band deserve someone who really believes in what they're doing; my decision to move on will ultimately be beneficial for both of us."

Bob now plans to strike out as a solo artist, but not before consolidating a stockpile of high-class demo material.

"I'm not intending to rush things," he says. "I'm going to sit back for a while and then spend a long time writing songs. Only when I've got the best numbers possible will I start recording. From that point on, I'll be shopping the demos for a solo deal."

As for Alaska, well, they're still very much alive and are already auditioning for a new vocalist to replace Hawthorn. Spokesman **Dave Chapman** from *London Pride* management confirmed that forthcoming tours of several European countries already booked would go ahead, and that recording of the third Alaska album would commence once the newly chosen vocalist had settled into the line-up. A release is tentatively scheduled for April/May.

DEREK OLIVER

MORE* MAYHEM *OVER PAGE

SCHWARZENEGGER
COMMANDO
18

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A SILVER PICTURES PRODUCTION
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER "COMMANDO" RAE DAWN CHONG
MUSIC BY JAMES HORNER ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS JOSEPH LOEB III AND MATTHEW WEISMAN
SCREENPLAY BY STEVEN E. DE SOUZA
STORY BY JOSEPH LOEB III & MATTHEW WEISMAN AND STEVEN E. DE SOUZA
PRODUCED BY JOEL SILVER DIRECTED BY MARK L. LESTER
DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES

Released by TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX through U.K. Film Distributors Ltd.

Copyright © 1985 Twentieth Century Fox

IN THE WEST END NOW
GENERAL RELEASE COMMENCED FEBRUARY 21st
PLEASE CHECK LOCAL PRESS FOR DETAILS

■ **ACCEPT** (ABOVE) issue their latest studio album, **'Russian Roulette'**, through the *Portrait* label in the UK on May 6. Produced by **Michael Wagener**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'TV War'**, **'Monsterman'**, **'Russian Roulette'** (the lyrics to which are reproduced here), **'It's Hard To Find A Way'** and **'Aiming High'**.

Side Two: **'Heaven Is Hell'**, **'Another Second To Be'**, **'Walking In The Shadow'**, **'Man Enough To Bite'** and **'Stand Tight'**.

The cover artwork from the LP is reproduced above.

The band begin their world tour on March 7 in Osnabrueck, West Germany, and are scheduled to play dates in Holland, France, Italy, the UK (see *Mayhem* issue 113 for details), Spain, Scandinavia, Poland, the USA and Japan.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

I know you raped me
And f**ked my soul and life
You screwed my brain
And offered me a line

You set my heart on fire
To make me stick like glue
You know I'm coming
Down to the point of fear

You make me eat myself
I scream in pain in vain
To lose the last bit of identity
And forget humanity

That's what you like to do
To treat a man like a pig
And when I'm dead and gone
It's an award I've won

Do you think that pays
Pays for my life
Which I give now when I die

Wargames – killed in action
Wargames – for satisfaction
Shanghai'd – killed in action
Wargames

For you it's easy
To erase my name
You might have a celebration
For the ones who died

Charity in general
Is tax-deductable as well
Ain't that exciting
Ha, ha, ha, when everything's alright

Do you think that pays
Pays for my life – hey, hey
Which I give now when I die

Wargames – killed in action
Wargames – for satisfaction
Shanghai'd – killed in action
Wargames

What a lie to say I'm immortal
What a lie to sell me your fame
Where is God when I'm buried
Does he stop this bloody game.

■ **WARLOCK** ISSUE a three-track, 12 inch, picture sleeve single through the *Vertigo* label on March 21. Produced by **Henry Staroste** at *Country Lane Studios* in Munich, it has the following track listing: **'You Hurt My Soul (. . . On 'N' On)'**, **'Turn It On'** and **'Evil'**.

■ **BLACKFOOT** GUITARIST **Bobby Barth** has just issued his debut solo album on the *Atco* label in the US. Produced by **Bruce Nazarian** in Detroit, it's titled **'Two Hearts – One Beat'**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Dangerous Games'**, **'Don't Come To Me'**, **'Stop (In The Name Of Love)'** (a cover of the **Supremes'** number, also recorded by the **Rods**) and **'Sara'**.

Side Two: **'Knife Edge'**, **'I Don't Want To Be Alone Tonight'**, **'Burn Me Up (I'm On Fire)'** and **'Only Once (In A Lifetime)'**.

■ **DOKKEN** HAVE just released their latest album, **'Under Lock And Key'**, through the *Elektra* label in the UK. For review see issue 111.

■ **BOB SEGER** releases a new single on March 17 through the *Capitol* label. Available in seven inch/double-pack/ 12 inch formats and titled **'American Storm'**, it is taken from an album of the same name tentatively scheduled for an early April release. The LP is produced by Seger and **Punch Andrews**.

The B-side of the single is **'Fortunate Son'**, a live version of the **John Fogerty** song recorded in Detroit on Seger's '83 US tour.

■ AMERICAN VOCALIST **Martee Lebow** has just released her debut mini-album, **'Crimes Of The Heart'**, through the *Atlantic* label in the US. Produced by **Robbie Buchanan** at *Bill Schnee Studio* in North Hollywood, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Crimes Of The Heart'**, **'Stranded In The Moonlight'** and **'Love Just Ain't Enough'**.

Side Two: **'One Down'** and **'Hearts Of Stone'** (written by **Bruce Springsteen**).

■ ***THE ENID*** *(**Robert John Godfrey** above left and **Stephen Stewart** above right) issue their latest album, **'Salome'**, through* Pinnacle *during March. Recorded at the* Lodge Studio *in Suffolk, it has the following track listing:*

Side One: ***'O Salome'*** *and* ***'Sheets Of Blue'***.

Side Two: ***'The Change'***, ***'The Jack'*** *and* ***'Flames Of Power'***.

The band will be playing the following dates in the near future: Manchester Band On The Wall March 3-5, Walthamstow Assembly Hall 6, Liverpool Krakers 7, Gwent Cross Keys Institute 8/9, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's 10, Northampton The Derngate 11, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 12, Leicester University Queens Hall 13, Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall 14, Redcar Coatham Bowl 16, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 17, Birmingham Powerhouse 18, Preston Paradise Club 19, Swansea The Marina 20, South Wales Polytechnic 21, Coventry General Wolfe 22, Colchester The Works 23, Croydon Underground 25, Dunstable Queensway Hall 27, Cambridge Sea Cadets Hall 28, Dudley JB's 29, Brighton Pavilion 30, Tonypandy Naval Club April 2, Woolwich Coronet Club 3, Derby Rockhouse 4.

Aside from Ms. Lebow, the album also features **Mike Baird** (drums), **Neil Stubenhas** (bass), **Dan Huff** (guitar), Robbie Buchanan (keyboards) and **Tommy Funderburk/Steve Lively** (backing vocals).

■ DUTCH ACT **Helloïse** have just issued their debut album, **'Cosmogony'**, through the *WEA International* label in the UK. It was produced by **John Sonneveld**.

The band's line-up is **Ben Blaauw/ Arjen Boogerds** (guitar), **Ernst Van Ee** (drums), **Marchell Remeeus** (bass) and **Stan Verbraak** (lead vocals).

■ *ATLANTIC RECORDS* have just put out the soundtrack for the movie **'Quicksilver'** in the US. Among those artists featured are **Roger Daltrey** (performing **'Quicksilver Lightning'**), **Fiona ('Casual Thing')**, **Peter Frampton ('Nothing At All')**, **Fish** and **Tony Banks** of **Genesis ('Shortcut To Somewhere')** and **John Parr** and **Marilyn Martin ('Love Song From Quicksilver (Through The Night)')**.

■ *THUNDERBOLT RECORDS* issue an album titled **'The Survivor'** from **Eric Clapton** on March 28. Recorded live during the Sixties, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'I Wish You Would'**, **'For Your Love'**, **'A Certain Girl'**, **'Got To Hurry'** and **'Too Much Monkey Business'**.

Side Two: **'I Don't Care No More'**, **'Bye Bye Bird'**, **'Twenty Three Hours Too Long'**, **'Baby Don't Worry'** and **'Take It Easy Baby'**.

■ **ALLAN HOLDSWORTH** has just issued an album titled **'Metal Fatigue'** through the *Enigma/Stiff* label in the UK. For review see issue 93.

■ *EDSEL RECORDS* have just issued the following archive albums: **'Johnny Winter'**, **'Kaptain Kopter & The Fabulous Twirlybirds' (Randy California)**, **'Supersnazz' (Flamin' Groovies)** and **'Pickin' Up The Pieces' (Poco)**.

■ **CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS** have just released a three-track EP on the *Three Records* label, distributed through *Priority/EMI*. Produced by **Hine Hoven**, it features the following tracks: **'Six Gears To Heaven'**, **'Wooden Man'** and **'Butcher Bitches'**.

IQ play a date at London Piccadilly Theatre on April 20. Tickets are priced at £4.75 and are available now from the box office and usual agencies. Alternatively, they can be obtained by post through sending a cheque/PO for the above price (made out to **'Irate Management'**) to: **IQ Ticket Offer, 35A High St, Chislehurst, Kent**.

Bookings can also be made on credit cards by calling: **01-437 4506/ 734 9535**.

TERRAPLANE play Derby Rockhouse March 4, Glasgow The Venue 14, Portsmouth Rock Garden 21, Manchester UMIST 22.

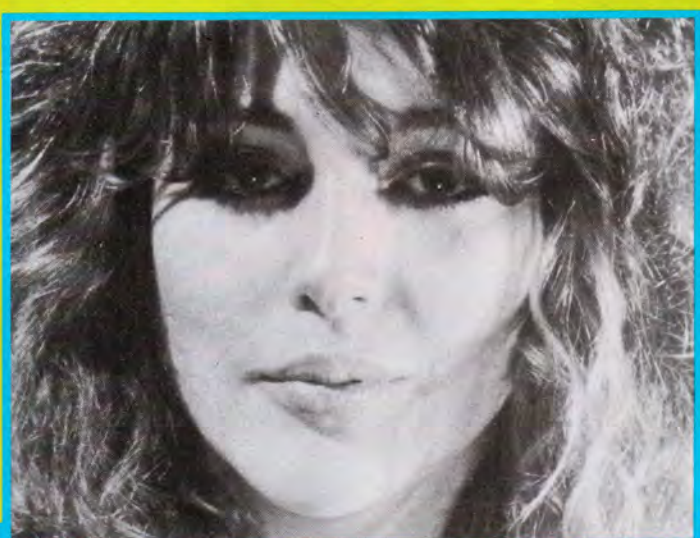
PENDRAGON will be appearing at Stirling University March 4, Dundee University 7, Edinburgh Jailhouse 8, Billingham The Swan 11, Durham University 12, Manchester The Gallery 13, Southampton University 14, Liverpool University 18, London Marquee Club 19/20, Warrington Lion Hotel 22.

THE LLOYD-LANGTON GROUP and **MOURNBLADE** have made several alterations to their UK tour itinerary. The remaining schedule now reads as follows: Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's March 7, London 100 Club 11, Birmingham Peacock's Bar 12, Nottingham Mardi Gras 13, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 14, Liverpool Stairways 15, Stevenage Bowes Line House 16, West Bromwich Coach & Horses 17, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Tiffany's 19, York Lynx Club 20, Dunfermline Warehouse 22, Alloa The Endrick Hotel 23, Bannockburn Tandhu 24, Edinburgh Jailhouse 25, Perth The Plough Inn 26, Leeds Adam & Eves 27, Dunoon Air Base 28/29, Largs Oasis Club 30.

PET HATE play Nottingham Mardi Gras March 6 (with **Hot Lipz**), Macclesfield Beehive 8, Burton-On-Trent Central Park 13 (with the **Macc Lads**), Manchester The Gallery 14 (with **White Trash**), Dudley JB's 21 (with the Macc Lads).

THE CRAMPS play London Hammersmith Odeon on March 14/15.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play Bangor University March 7, Warrington Lion Hotel 8, Nottingham Mardi Gras 11, Leicester Princess Charlotte 12, Bicester Ex-Servicemen's Club 14, Gwent Cross Keys Institute 29.



SHE *(VOCALIST **Karen** above), from Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, have lined up the following dates: Newcastle-Upon-Tyne The Balloon March 5, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Riverside 9, South Shields The Cyprus 14, Whitley Bay Esplanade Rock Club 15, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Riverside 16, Mitford The Plough 20, Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre 21, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne New Darnell 22, Morpeth Comrades 28, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Riverside 30, Billingham The Swan April 1, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Riverside 6.*

*A single, **'Captured'/'New Start'**, has just been released through the* Elle *label. It's available at a price of £1.40 (incl. p&p) from: **12 Tyndale Ave, Whitley Bay NE26 3DA**.*

WARFARE play Walthamstow Royal Standard March 21, Cardiff Bogey's 22. Support act for both dates will be **Holosade**.

VOYEUR will be playing Shepherds Bush The Wellington March 5, London Marquee Club 12 (supporting **Tarazara**).

SAD CAFÉ and **AIRRACE** play the following shows during March: Liverpool Royal Court Theatre March 4, Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall 5, Oxford Apollo 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 7, Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall 8, Cardiff St. David's Hall 9.

SAMURAI, who issue their second album titled **'Weapon Master'** through *Ebony* in the near future, play dates at Melbourne Rock Club March 21, Cardiff Bogey's 29, Dudley JB's April 3, Warrington Lion Hotel 5, Colwyn Bay Central Hotel 6, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 19, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's 20, Gwent Cross Keys Institute May 3, Oxford Penny Farthing 16.

KOOGA play London Marquee Club on March 23.

THE GRIP play London Marquee Club on March 5.

CAUSE & EFFECT will be appearing at Sharpthorne Ravenswood Inn March 12, Portsmouth Polytechnic 15 (supporting the **Cherry Bombz**), Hastings The Crypt 21, Wokingham Angie's April 4, Brighton Old Vic 7.

SLEEK play London Embassy Club March 24, Shepherds Bush The Wellington 26, Gravesend Red Lion 28, Bethnal Green Green Gate April 4.

THE BABYSITTERS play Woolwich Coronet March 6, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 14, Durham New College 15, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's 18, Leicester Princess Charlotte 19.

A Kold Day In Hell!

XAVIER RUSSELL flaps his way to the backstreets of Berlin (across the road from the river Styx) to make a 'Frash judgement on 'free bands at the forefront of the Death/Speed Metal scene . . .

TOM G. WARRIOR of CELTIC FROST: 'the Sabbath of the Eighties'

Pic Peter Cronin

HERE IT is, folks, THE treble package of 1986! DEATH! 'FRASH! SPEED! and a touch of the ol' AVANT GARDE! All on the same bill as well, it's too much for humanity to absorb. I mean, we're talkin' endless amounts of serious MEGA METAL here 'billies'!

Yeah, not since the Legs Diamond annihilation of San Antonio, Texas, last year had I felt so charged-up about a show, and the presence of a very decadent/militant/angry audience added to the excitement of it all. Yeah, that tingling sensation was running down my back again and I wasn't strapped-up in the elektrik chair!

Opening up tonight's 'Frash Rally' were current guv'nors of Death Metal, Celtic Frost; there's no inbetween with this lot, you either love 'em or hate 'em. Me? Well, I go for the former – the 'Frost can do no wrong in my book. I've always loved a bizarre, off-the-wall approach to life, and seeing Celtic Frost totally confuse and finally win over one of the toughest crowds on the Euro rock circuit really was a pleasing sight.

The houselights dimmed as the terrifying screams that precede 'Into The Crypts Of Rays' came oozing out of the house PA, while through the dry-ice stalked the fragile frame of Tom G. Warrior. Now here's a man who really *does* look like death warmed up – white as a ghost. It's obvious he doesn't sleep too much; hell, he even makes Dave Dickson look healthy in comparison! That said, Mr. Warrior really is a master of his craft, a specialist in simple, effective riffin' that had the locals banging their heads against the onstage monitors. I kid you not, gawd, it was hard to believe that this was only their 12th gig!

Meanwhile, Reed St. Mark's time-keeping was immaculate. I don't think I've ever seen a drummer hit the skins as hard 'n' fast – move over Tommy Lee you got nothing on this kid! And you should check out the front of his kit: a dozen pairs of women's high-heeled shoes hang proudly atop the double bass-drums! Treasured prizes of memorable encores, perhaps?!

Halfway through the excellent 'Circle Of The Tyrants' (which originally appeared on the 'Emperor's Return' LP later to resurface in slightly revamped form on 'To Mega Therion'), it suddenly hit home that I was watching the Sabbaff of the Eighties. Forget having to suffer regurgitated Tony Iommi riffs, cos what was going down here in the *Latin Quarter Theatre* was far more outrageous and up-to-date. The hilarious 'Usurper' followed, total 'Frash eased along by bassist Martin Eric Ain, who looked the odd man out dressed up to the nines as Kount

KONTINUEZ OVER

GRAVE DIGGER: 'Accept on speed'

HELLOWEEN (with the 'Pumpkin Man' – or possibly Xavier Russell – second from right): should stop ripping off Metallica and Iron Maiden

Pix Peter Cronin

Hell!

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

Drakula. However, not since Cliff Burton of Metallica's windmill tricks have I seen such a pounding head!

It was the material from the 'Morbid Tales' EP that seemed to get the most favourable reaction, namely 'Procreation (Of The Wicked)' and the breathtakingly brilliant 'Return To The Eve' – more Sabs-on-speed, with Reed St. Mark now laying into his kit with four foot drumsticks! Very Billy Smart's Circus!

Sadly, all good things must come to an end, but the Frost were called back for a well deserved encore in the shape of 'Morbid Tales', which came complete with Tom G's obligatory 'death grunts'.

"Are you morbid?" he snarled to the Berlin faithful, and you only had to look into their eyes to see that they were.

NEXT UP were Deaf Barton faves Grave Digger. Now this bunch I have a lot of time for and every home should have a copy of their brilliant debut album 'Heavy Metal Breakdown'. But tonight they kicked off with 'Keep On Rockin'' from the just released 'War Games' LP and straight away I could see klass in guitarist Peter Masson: the German axeman really knows how to churn out a catchy riff, which the Grave Digger repertoire is full of, though it should be said that Peter needs to have a serious rethink about his dress sense!

Sadly, the very fast 'Headbanging Man' was removed from the set at the last moment, but 'Heavy Metal Breakdown' more than made up for that disappointment. Lead singer Chris Boltendahl has that Udo Dirkschneider feel to his vocal delivery – you know, shouting rather than singing – and there's no question that the German vocalists seem to favour this routine; I must say it *does* seem to work for this type of music.

Now cub-photographer Pete Cronin is a hard man to please, so imagine my surprise when I see the young whipper-snapper headbanging to 'Witch Hunter', the title track of the band's second album, and he got even more violent on 'Let Your Heads Roll' – well, the title sez it all, donnit?! You just gotta hear the riff that Masson churns out on this one; gawd it's catchier than Aids!

Yeah, Grave Digger were dead good. If your idea of fun is sticking your head in a bass bin, then chances are you're gonna love this band. Kinda Accept on speed!

AND SO to Helloween. Not surprisingly, the stage was filled with glowing pumpkins – yeah, it was well eerie believe me, but the same cannot be said for Helloween. I have to confess I found their display very ordinary; they really were just going through the motions, and while I love the band on record, especially their new album 'Walls Of Jericho', it has to be said that live they're as dull as ditch-water – why, even Cronin stopped headbanging!

The other problem is guitarist Michael Weikath who seems to be in a world of his own. He's very reminiscent of Yngwie Malmsteen, not only in his playing but in looks as well. It really did sound like he was playing a completely different song to the rest of the band at times!

So who *do* they sound like? I hear you cry. Well, take a tedious worn-out Iron Maiden riff, add Metallica-style heaviness and you'll have a pretty good idea what I'm waffling on about. However, there *are* moments of pure genius, like 'Gorgar' for example, which despite being a blatant rip-off of the Metallica song 'Ride The Lightning', is still bloody good. How can you go wrong with lyrics like: *'Gorgar, will eat you, Gorgar, man you'll never win-hey!'*

The Maiden rip-offs didn't stop at the music, however, cos Helloween even have their own version of Eddie, who I've dubbed the 'Pumpkin Man', the masked marauder stalking the stage just like ol' Ed during 'Victim Of Fate' (is there a hidden message in that title?). I really do think Helloween would be a lot better if they stopped blatantly ripping-off Metallica and Iron Maiden!

HEAVY
ON YOUR EARS
LIGHT
ON YOUR POCKET

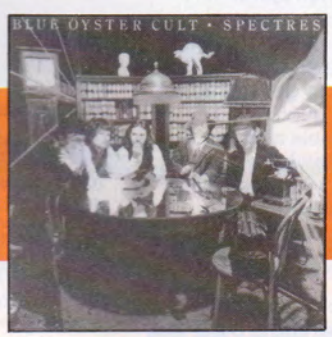
CHEAP TRICK
AT THE BUDOKAN
32595 40-32595
I WANT YOU TO WANT ME
AIN'T THAT A SHAME

SURVIVOR
EYE OF THE TIGER
32537 40-32537
AMERICAN HEARTBEAT
EYE OF THE TIGER

NILS LOFGREN
NILS LOFGREN AND GRIN
32717 40-32717
SOFT FUN · PIONEER MARY
LIKE RAIN

MOLLY HATCHET
NO GUTS, NO GLORY
32718 40-32718
FALL OF THE PEACEMAKERS
ON THE PROWL

Life sounds better to music.



BLUE ÖYSTER CULT
SPECTRES
32715 40-32715
I LOVE THE NIGHT
R.U. READY 2 ROCK · GODZILLA

JUDAS PRIEST
SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE
32712 40-32712
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN'
(TAKE THESE) CHAINS

JOURNEY
DEPARTURE
32714 40-32714
ANY WAY YOU WANT IT
I'M CRYIN'

CBS

NICE PRICE▶ MORE SOUNDS LESS POUNDS!

SHORT

Guest reviewers ANDY McCOY and ANITA CHELLEMAH from THE CHERRY BOMBZ cast a caustic eye over the latest 45s. DAVE DICKSON supplies the booze and tries to make sense of it all

Pic Ray Palmer

ANITA and ANDY: giving a warm send-off to the new Antisect single . . . "The intelligence to be found here is non-existent!"

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK: 'Love Missile F1-11' (Parlophone 12")

Anita: "It reminds me of another song but I can't think what it is; it's really irritating me! It's a great club song."

Andy: "Yeah, it's like an advanced Suicide! I don't know why they encourage *Shooting It Up* if they don't themselves, but it's alright, I like it. Is it the future of rock 'n' roll? I don't think so. And would I buy it? No, because I'm going to keep this copy."

ELO: 'Calling America' (Epic)

Andy: "I bet it'll go down a storm in the discos in Spain this Summer. Have you got any of *my* singles to review?"

Anita: "Yeah, let's review *our* single."

STEVE GIBBONS BAND: 'Personal Problem' (Aura)

Andy: "I think he should keep his problems to himself and not bring them out on record!"

Anita: "No, not grabbed by that."

Andy: "Nasty (Suicide) plays much better three-chord stuff."

MR. MISTER: 'Kyrie' (RCA)

Anita: "I really like the verses. I realise the chorus is the thing you're supposed to get into but I prefer the verses."

Andy: "It's really MOR, mass-appeal. Very smart but not perfect. The song's not that good but the band is excellent, the way they play, the arrangement . . . yeah, really good. Awful name, though, Mr. Mister."

Anita: "I think it's clever the way they've spelt it 'Mr.' and then 'Mister'!"

Andy: "You think that's *clever?!* Actually, it's *stupid!*"

Anita: "I *like* the name of the group."

Andy: "She likes the name and *she's* in MY band!!"

THE TANDY MORGAN BAND: 'Action' (FM)

DD: "All the proceeds are to be donated to the West Midlands Children's Hospice, so everyone's going to go out and buy this one."

Andy: "Maybe people shouldn't do that many drugs so they can have good and healthy children; then this record wouldn't be needed. But I think it's great that someone's doing something for somebody."

ANTISECT: 'Out Of The Void' (Kasper)

Andy: "Take that s**t off!! If they want to be an *Anti*-Sect they're going the right way about it. The intelligence to be found in this song is non-existent!"

Anita: "But Andy, don't hold back, speak your mind. No, I can't stand it either."

DD: "So you'd prefer it if maybe they stayed In The Void."

Andy: "Yeah, but I'm glad bands like this exist because they make me sound so f**king brilliant!"

HONEYMOON SUITE: 'Feel It Again' (Warner Brothers)

Andy: "It sounds like it'll do well in America, it sounds like all the other records."

Anita: "Yes, it sounds just like so many other American records."

STING: 'Moon Over Bourbon Street' (A&M)

Anita: "Aah, this is my favourite! This is the one. I love it, it's great, it's brilliant, how many more times have I got to say it?"

All: "Single Of The Week!"

CHRIS REA: 'It's All Gone' (Magnet)

Andy: "I think it's good, I like it. I wouldn't buy it, though, it's too much like radio music. But it's alright, it's nice."

Anita: "His voice is gorgeous, smooth and very Summery. It could do really well."

RENO: 'A Little More Love' (Parlophone)

Andy: "Euro-Heavy Metal."

Anita: "Abba in black leather! Not my type of music, I must admit, but it has got a commercial side to it."

Andy: "Dio does this stuff better."

DD: "Worth a million dollar advance?"

Andy: "I just hope the band have got enough sense to f**k themselves up *totally* with all that money! If you plan it right, you die just as the money runs out!"

HAWKWIND: 'Zarozinia' (Flicknife)

Anita: "It doesn't go anywhere."

Andy: "It's not meant to, I liked it! It's atmosphere music."

Anita: "Yeah, but you'd like a bit of mood in there, too."

DD: "Music to get stoned to?"

Andy: "No quote!"

Anita: "It feels nice but it should go somewhere."

DD: "What, you mean as far away as possible?"

THE CHERRY BOMBZ: 'Hot Girls In Love' (Lick)

DD: "I haven't got a copy of the single to play you, but I assume you know it. Would you buy it?"

Andy: "I might do if I could see the band live."

DD: "We'll see if that can be arranged. But why cover a Loverboy song?"

Anita: "Why not?"

Andy: "Because we do it so much better!"

Anita: "Mike Reno (Loverboy vocalist) wouldn't fit into my skirt anyway!"

DAVE DICKSON ROUNDS-UP THE LATE ARRIVALS

HEART: 'These Dreams' (Capitol)

Heart have undergone something of a rejuvenation under the *svelte* production touch of Ron Nevison, and this latest single presents ample evidence why. The Wilson sisters have never sounded better and this deserves to be a hit. For those of a romantic inclination, a winner."

SUPERTRAMP: 'Cannonball' (A&M)

A loser. Why are these people still allowed to make records?

ROGER DALTREY: 'Under A Raging Moon' (10 Records)

The title track from Daltrey's last album. He and a cast of thousands (John Parr, Cozy Powell, Roger Taylor, *etc, etc*) show that you just can't better the old pros. The multi-drummer break at the end of the track is outrageous – a cracker!

THE DANSE SOCIETY: 'Hold On' (Arista 12")

Don't think I've mentioned this lot before but they are definitely worth investigation. This certainly rocks out in its own subtle way, and as a foretaste of the up-coming mini-album (due out in May) this bodes well. Music for the adventurous of spirit and the wild and young at heart. How about an interview?

PRINCE: 'Kiss' (Paisley Park)

'Purple Rain' this is not. Yeah, very nice backing track, Prince, all it needs is some guitar and a few keyboards and who knows? Could be a great song when it's finished, let us know, OK?

UFO: 'Night Run' (Chrysalis 12")

Apart from being the world's Number One Lee Van Cleef fan and a Spaghetti Western buff of no fixed ricochet, Jim Simpson sure knows how to thwack a drum-kit and that's what this American remix is all about. 'NR', the obvious single from the 'Misdemeanor' album, is a stunning ditty with some neat lyrics by Phil Jogg (no spelling mistake).

The 12" has two extra remixed tracks. Buy it. Essential listening.

SAMSON: 'Vice Versa' (Capitol)

Samson plunder their own back catalogue (this one from 1980 with Bruce Dickinson on vocals). Bruce has gone on to better things, Samson obviously not, hence this release.

Solid, melodic Brit-rock benefitting from a 1985 re-mix. You can certainly do a lot worse than grab an earful of this.

BRYAN ADAMS

CUTS LIKE A KNIFE

RE-ARMED...WITH A HIT SINGLE "THIS TIME"

RE-PACKAGED... IN A STUNNING NEW FULL COLOUR SLEEVE

RE-ISSUED... AT A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY LOW PRICE –
BUT ONLY FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

ALBUM, CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC
OUT THIS WEEK

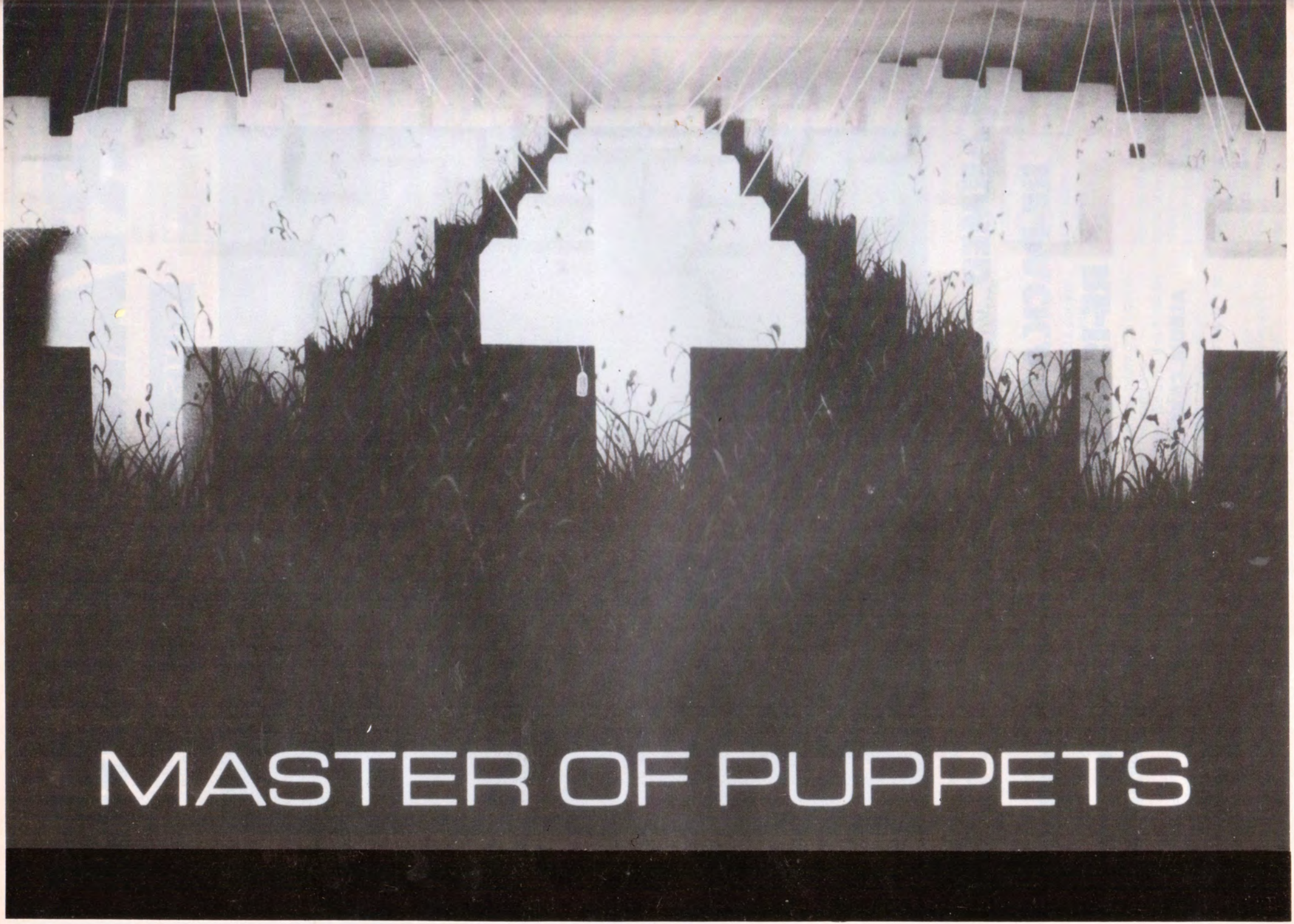
A&M RECORDS

OVER 50 MINUTES OF METAL PERFECTION

FROM THE MASTERS OF METAL

"MASTER OF PUPPETS" MFN 60

OUT MARCH 7TH ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS


MASTER OF PUPPETS

Blade Runner

The new ARMORED SAINT LP, 'Delirious Nomad', "grows on you – like mould!" sez guitarist DAVE PRICHARD. HOWARD JOHNSON stays klean

IT'S GETTING late and the *Wild Turkey's* just starting to kick in. Time to rock 'n' roll, monkey hour at hand. And yet it's not quite *kosher,* not as it should be somehow! My back's playing me up, like some arthritic old cripple, too old to let these powerchords really talk to me, y'know?! A twitch of pain up my spine telling me that the signals are all wrong, that things are askew, that the sounds just ain't happening!

Tottering towards the trusty *'His Master's Voice'*, pen in hand, I go viddy the plastic that's patently failing to deliver. Is this what's instilling the sharp, searing flashes of pain? Could it be that the record just ain't making yours truly feel all fine an' dandy?! Yup, sure 'nuff, the music's somehow offputting and depressing, instead of uplifting and inspiring.

Teetering forward, the pain now splitting my head, I wave a feeble, accusatory finger at the disc, for it is Armored Saint's 'Delirious Nomad' which is reducing me to this nervous state. Oh, for those tablets the doctor prescribed!

Yeah, well, that's enough of the hyperbole for one article. Nonetheless, it has to be admitted that I've been trying to get my 'King Lears' around 'Delirious Nomad' for a good few weeks now and the only emotions it triggers are ones of dejection and pain. I've tried to wash them away, to batter myself into submission, to snap out of this *malaise,* but no, there's no escape from the fact that 'Delirious Nomad' is a major disappointment. I've tried to let Xavier Russell fool me, but he drinks *Jack* by the barrel so no wonder he likes it! I just feel another headache coming on!

Headache? Well, yeah, this is turning into a major headache for me. Y'see, it would give me great pleasure to rant 'n' rave all the way to the grave about how awesome the Saint's second album is, how it shows that late starters are the quickest finishers!

I met guitarist Dave Prichard and bassist Joey Vera about 18 months back on a scorching hot day on Sunset Strip, Los Angeles. Had a real neat chin-wag about 'March Of The Saint', the band's debut stroll, produced by Michael James Jackson, an album that was flawed for sure, yet somehow possessed a raw, naive charm. I liked the guys a lot and the record had quality enough to make yer ears cock at right angles and really listen!

THE SAINT (l-r): Dave Prichard, John Bush, Joey Vera, Gonzo

I *still* like the guys, and I like the band's New York press officer, the delightfully named Milhaan (she's in love with Hanoi – could this have something to do with it?), but 'Delirious Nomad'? Nope, you'll have to count me out.

NOW, OF course, music is a subjective li'l subject. I've had my five pennies worth and naturally I think my opinion's sound, but maybe Dave Prichard can sway you guys! The decent thing to do is to give him a shot, huh?

"I'd agree with you that the album isn't as instant as the first," crackles a very distant sounding Dave. "You've gotta listen to this one a few times and then it grows on you – like mould! All my favourite albums, the Priest and Sabbath stuff, even the first Van Halen LP, took me a long time to get into, but these are albums you can live with forever! What we're doing now is still the same kind of music as before, but we're trying to expand our horizons. We use acoustic passages, and the songs are longer and far more structured, not just simple verse-chorus-verse stuff. It might not catch you at first, but you soon get into the groove!"

Well, that's as maybe, but somehow the song structures just don't seem to gel. Oh, there are a lot of heavy passages for sure, but it's all a little aimless. I'd call it sub-Maiden.

Is this a result of parting company with guitarist Phil Sandoval? After all, he left during the actual recording of the album and still gets songwriting credits on 'Aftermath', 'You're Never Alone', 'Over The Edge' and 'Released'.

"I don't think so," claims Dave, hardly surprisingly. "But I admit it was difficult. After all, I had to learn to play a lot of parts that I'd never done before, but the attitude of the band became much more focussed! The parting was an amicable and mutual thing.

"We wanted to stay heavy, get heavier in fact and go more hardcore, and Phil was looking towards a more ZZ Top or Ratt sorta thing! He wanted more freedom as a player and we wish him the best of luck. We were actually gonna get in a replacement but all we found was a load of Eddie Van Halen clones. What a f**kin' bore! So we tried it as a four-piece and it sounds just great!"

Despite my kaustic komments, there's always a chance that you might get off on the Saint. Indeed, there are already a fair number of punters partial to the band.

"The first album did relatively well, about 150,000 copies in the States and between 50,000 and 70,000 in the rest of the world. It's a good foundation for us to build on and our tours last year with Quiet Riot and on the HM package with Metallica and W.A.S.P. were a great experience.

"To tell the truth, the first LP didn't come up to our expectations. Jackson was more of a father figure than a producer so we wanted to get in someone who would be more of an extra band member this time around. Max Norman was ideal, cos he's really talented yet not at all aloof. We could roll up a spliff, smoke it with him and have a real good time. The atmosphere was very relaxed and I think that's showed on the record!"

AND YET, no, I still can't get into these here grooves, which is a heap big shame cos the Saint are attempting to work some different ideas and thoughts into the stock Heavy Metal fare. 'Delirious Nomad'? Not exactly yer standard willy-thrusting material!

"Nah, the title is pretty bizarre, it's very far left-field, but that's what we wanted. *MTV* and radio have really cooled off on Heavy Metal bands these days so we thought there was really no point in pandering to them, we might as well just go ahead and do what we want to.

"So we got the idea for this delirious nomad figure. He's based on some political big-wig who gets into this position of absolute power and just kinda loses his grip on reality. He presses the button in his bunker and then realises that he's the only guy left on earth, and all he can do is wander around wondering what he's done.

"It's this kinda stuff that our vocalist John (Bush) is into, something with a bit of intelligence to it. 'Nervous Man', for example, deals with this spy scandal that blew up here not too long ago. Some guy got caught selling secrets to the Soviets and was put away for life. Then 'You're Never Alone' is all about the 'Night Stalker', the guy who was committing all those murders around LA. My friend's grandma was killed by him and the guy took her blood and scrawled '666' on the wall with it. Do you know he actually drank two cups of coffee before he left? Now that kinda stuff gives you great scope for lyrics!"

ARMORED SAINT have distinct advantages in the Metal race. Their record label *Chrysalis* is well behind them, their management duo of Bernstein and Mensch is one of the heaviest around and the band patently do possess a lot more up top than most bands. Yet this is a lean time for HM. It's gonna take a lot to make the paying public cough up the very necessary readies.

Still, the band are now poised to play some support shows with Saxon in the US, with headline dates on the West Coast to follow; and come September/October, chances are they'll be opening up for good friends Metallica on a European tour.

RAINBOW

FINYL VINYL

THE BEST OF RAINBOW LIVE 1978-1984
(Plus 3 Studio Recordings)

See Rainbow Video Footage
On The Tube Friday February 28
Repeated Tuesday March 4

polydor

Life sounds better to music.

FEATURING:

RITCHIE BLACKMORE · ROGER GLOVER · RONNIE JAMES DIO
GRAHAM BONNET · JOE LYNN TURNER · COZY POWELL
DON AIREY · JIMMY BAIN · BOB DAISLEY · TONY CAREY...

LIMITED EDITION INCLUDES FAMILY TREE

CASSETTE INCLUDES EXTRA TRACK 'STREET OF DREAMS'

PODV 8/PODVC 8

RITCHIE (an early study): "blimey, it's raining Strats and dogs!"

K: Kompost! KK: Klueless! KKK: Kompetent! KKKK: Korrosive! KKKKK: Kolossal!

'BOW WOW!

RAINBOW
'Finyl Vinyl'
(Polydor PODV8)
KKKK½

RAINBOW – THE band Ritchie Blackmore created from Elf, originally to record the 'Black Sheep Of The Family' song which Deep Purple had rejected for their 'Stormbringer' album, but which grew throughout nine years and *seventeen* band members into one of this country's biggest and best rock outfits.

But it was all to end, of course, as soon as Blackmore agreed to Purple's reformation, and so, as a rather belated parting shot, Ritchie and long-time associate Roger Glover have put together this interesting and entertaining package of Rainbow material, most of which is seeing the light of day for the very first time on vinyl. Here, for all those who, like me, enjoyed many a moment listening to and watching the band in action, is a synopsis of 'Finyl Vinyl'.

'Spotlight Kid': as with Rainbow's gigs in the latter days, this track from the 'Difficult To Cure' album is a cracking way to start. Judy Garland tells Toto that they're not in Kansas anymore, and then Ritchie slides down the neck of that famous white *Strat* to motion the rest of the band in with an almighty crash. They pause, then Ritchie fires the riff like a smokin' six-shooter, and after a rattle of Chuck Bürgi's snare drum the band are off and running through a sizzling version of the song, with Blackmore soon tumbling into a short, vicious solo, squealing into a deft duet with key-tapper David Rosenthal and finally leading his men into a neat finale.

'I Surrender': another from 'Difficult To Cure' and another good live version, with Blackmore's more controlled work leaving the band sounding very smooth and classy. Joe Lynn Turner is singing well, too, and in fact the whole band appear to be on top form for this, their very last gig, at Tokyo's *Budokan* in '84.

'Miss Mistreated': like the first two tracks, this was recorded at Rainbow's last gig in Japan and features the Turner/Glover/Bürgi/Rosenthal line-up. It's not one of the band's best tracks, but it's nevertheless a good recording, housing a sweet, echoing solo from Ritchie.

'Jealous Lover': *Side Two* now, and a studio track which appeared on the B-side of 'Can't Happen Here' back in '81. I like it – a mid-paced, laid-back blues thang that reminds me of Free.

'Can't Happen Here': back to live material now, and a track recorded in New York in '81. Bobby Rondinelli's hi-hat gives the cue for Ritchie to launch the riff at breakneck pace, and the band (same line-up as *Side One* with the exception of the Bürgi/Rondinelli switch) carry the song through at frantic speed.

'Tearin' Out My Heart': recorded in Texas in '82 with the same band as above, this isn't the best recording on the album but nonetheless boasts some great snatches of Blackmore . . . doodling casually at the start, ripping into a short, twisted solo halfway through, thundering through a 'muck-about' passage on his own and then commanding the song's fast finale.

'Since You Been Gone': back to the Graham Bonnet/Cozy Powell/Don Airey era with this one, and a tight, snappy recording from the first Castle Donington festival in '80. There's more doodling from Ritchie (even a touch of 'Greensleeves') before he switches pick-ups, ups the volume and cranks out the riff that cracked the singles chart for Rainbow. It's another strong version methinks, but there's no solo from The Man and that's a bit disappointing.

'Bad Girls': a studio track again, this one from the Bonnet era line-up, recorded for the 'Down To Earth' album but previously only available on the B-side of 'Since You Been Gone'. It's funny, but this could almost be from Purple's 'Burn' sessions . . . yet it reminds me mostly of 'Nobody's Home' from 'Perfect Strangers'. . . (*Listen* to it).

'Difficult To Cure': *Side Three* now, and one of the highlights of Rainbow's career. Recorded again at the band's last show, it begins with some marvellous work from Blackmore, using effects and improvisation to carve out a fine intro. The band then come in and you can *sense* this is going to be something special as they create a heavy mood while Ritchie swirls around his neck like a demon. Then, suddenly and unbeknown to the audience, an entire string orchestra appear, lit in the colours of the rainbow! Blackmore teases with two familiar notes, the strings reply, and we're into Beethoven's Ninth like it's never been played before!

Blackmore's solo parts show the man to be at his staggering best, and as band and orchestra exchange blows the track builds up to a stirring, breathtaking climax. Quite simply, awesome.

'Stone Cold': a bit of an anti-climax after the sensational 'Difficult To Cure', this starts with Rosenthal fiddling around with his organ (oh, grow up!) and then eases into the very Foreigner-like song.

KONTINUEZ PAGE 20

NEW SINGLE

UFO

★★★ THE ★★★

U.S. REMIX

NIGHT RUN

★ FOUR TRACK 12" ★

7" LIMITED EDITION BLOOD RED VINYL

Chrysalis

UFO 'THE MISDEMEANOR' TOUR – LIVE ON VIDEO – RELEASE DATE – 27 MARCH 1986· CAT NO. EV 1232 (VHS) EB 1232 (BETA)

FROM PAGE 18

'**Power**' : as above, this was recorded in Texas in '82 by the line-up featuring Rondinelli (with Lin Robinson and Dee Beale on backing vocals) and isn't what I'd call classic Rainbow. The band just don't seem to really lay into this one.

'**Man On The Silver Mountain**': recorded by the Dio/Powell/Bob Daisley/David Stone version of Rainbow, *Side Four*'s opener dates back to '78 in Georgia, and is certainly a powerful rendition, with RJD in fine form. But again, Blackmore is the star, playing around with the riff and then attacking his guitar with one of those familiar wrenching, ripping, solos which swirl around from speaker to speaker. The cool, bluesy passage is as delightful as ever, too, and ultimately this is a version to match the 'Onstage' one.

'**Long Live Rock 'N' Roll**': from the same show as above, this finds Blackmore and Dio fighting tenaciously for the honours while Daisley and Powell thump out a strong rhythm. Another fine track.

'**Weiss Heim**': and finally this moving instrumental (the B-side of 'All Night Long'), which has Ritchie doodling over Don Airey's classically-slanted keyboards. One of Ritchie's *best* instrumentals for Rainbow.

And there you have it. Inevitably, different people would probably have liked different running orders ('Difficult To Cure' *should've* been the last track!), different tracks and so on, but with Roger Glover selecting the songs and handling production (with Blackmore as 'Executive Producer') this is certainly an authentic compilation. It comes in a colourful, gatefold sleeve, and if you get in quick you'll also receive a Pete Frame family tree.

All in all, an album well worth buying. MARK PUTTERFORD

HERMAN RAREBELL
'Herman Ze German And Friends'
(Capitol ST124-64 Import)
K

A RE-MIXED, re-packaged version of Herman's 'Nip In The Bud' solo album from a few years ago. Lotsa bits could actually have been re-done. Y'know, different vocals, guitars, twiddly bits, technical stuff. But I won't bore you with intricacies, not really worth the effort!

'Herman Ze German'? Mr Rarebell's obviously got a bit of typically un-Teutonic humour about him! Still, I guess you could suss that from the music (not a compliment, mind!). What a lot of rubbish! If you thought the Scorpions had gone downhill on their last album, then you'd maybe best start thanking your lucky stars that Herman's not doing solo albums to earn a crust *all* the time!

So he's brought in a lot of LA middleweights to make some noise . . . it still doesn't alter the fact that a good song's about as hard to find here as Geoff Barton at an REO Speedwagon sleep-in . . . er . . . gig!

There is absolutely nothing to recommend about this record.

BLAST FROM THE 'PAST

MICHAEL DES BARRES: 'is it a bird, is it an eggwhisk . . .'

CHEQUERED PAST
'Chequered Past'
(Heavy Metal America HMA53)
KKKK½

UNGRATEFUL BASTARDS! I slog my balls off, trek all the way to Los Angeles in '84 to tell you how stupendously wonderful Chequered Past are . . . and you let them go and die on me! Why you deserve another shot I don't know, but the good people at *Heavy Metal Records* (hi, Paul M.) are giving you one more chance to get hip to the game. A blast from the Past, enough to stop you crying/laughing at vocalist Michael Des Barres strutting his well (un)funky stuff with The Power Station, enough to get you guys moving!

Posthumous re-release (fortunately not *à la* Lynott!) it may be, but Chequered Past can still hit that perfect beat in '86, still tweak your twiddly bits and stomp all over everything you might care to dangle! Welcome, my friends, to the show that never really ends, welcome to rock 'n' roll!

With an all-star crew of Des Barres, Blondie boys Clem Burke (drums) and Nigel Harrison (bass), Pistol packer Steve Jones and Iggy's ignition, guitarist Tony Fox Sales, it's not gonna slap a big question mark over yer brain as to why Past are so present, so correct!

Screaming guitars all over the shop, Des Barres blowing his bad-assed breath right down yer neck and shivering timbers with the greatest of ease, and drums that thump as you hump the floor with excitement. Rarely does Heavy Metal taste *this* good!

And Heavy Metal it is, all the way down the line, don't let musical associations fool you! Spin the first offering, 'A World Gone Wild', and you'll see why *Marshall Stack* has given us such a lot in the worldy pleasure dome! It's blood an' guts thunder all the way through 'Never In A Million Years', 'How Much Is Too Much?' and 'Underworld'. Female undergarments should have been thrown with gay abandon, but there are some things in this world that I am destined never to understand!

Of course, the guys *do* have to make a show of sensitivity, bluffing their way through 'No Knife' nicely enough, keeping *Scotties* in business for a few weeks at least. And they have to show that they're fallible too! Easily achieved . . . '*Let me rock/ Let me rock you/Let me rock you all night long/All night long*' is marginally less interesting than it sounds, which is some feat, I'm sure you'll agree! Maybe (hopefully) they were taking the piss!

Whatever, this is all just words in the wind. Whether the collective CP butts will ever again shift in a common direction is doubtful (apparently, Jones is getting something together in New York and Burke is drumming with Bob Dylan!). Chequered Past now have a place in the vaults of rock bands deceased, and it sure looks as if things will be staying that way! I shall say no more, other than . . . 'cheque' it out!

HOWARD JOHNSON

Lotsa loud licks that have no style or swing, lotsa Don Dokken doing his level best to sound like Klaus Meine, lotsa macho nonsense like 'Hard Sensation' and 'Messing Around' and lotsa very average drumming!

If you ever wanted a good reason why many people think that Heavy Metal is unmitigated dross, then you should be sitting as close to my record player as I am right now! Spin onwards into oblivion, oh plastic, spin right off into the stratosphere and do not darken my deck again!

There's one song which claims it will 'Rock Your Balls'. Well, I don't know about that Herman, me old mate, I'd say your record bored mine clean off! Talk about mutton dressed as lamb!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MOTORHEAD
'Anthology'
(Raw Power LP 011)
KKK

URIAH HEEP
'Anthology'
(Raw Power LP 012
KK

FOR ONCE, I'm not as verbose as one constantly with pen in paw should be. I mean, what can a poor boy say about these two anthologies that would really tell anybody something thay didn't know before? *"You could look at the bally sleeves to sneak out some clues!"* I hear you cry! Well, tough, cos all we're treated to are a few really groovy photos and diddly s**t in terms of info!

Motörhead's double 'Anthology', then, is a poor man's non-leather-bound version of the 'No Remorse' compilation, containing a weaker selection of noise than its counterpart (Wot? No 'Overkill', 'Bomber', 'Stay Clean', *et al?*) and without Doc Doom's sleeve notes. Some might say that's a blessing, but Malc's a mate, natch! Strikes me as someone trying to cash in on Motörhead's name, but wouldn't you say it's three or four years too late? No? Well you've got a problem then! For Lemmy's opinion on the LP, see *Mayhem* page 4.

More like *ten* years too late for Uriah Heep! Some fine flares on the pix and Ken Hensley shows off a really far-out pair of silver platform boots, but lumme, you couldn't really get much mileage out of the tunes on offer. Not exactly hcrrendous, but all a mite inconsequential and hardly bestowed with the staying power of Hendrix, the Doors or Dylan.

I'm sure Mick Box loves it and when the joss-sticks are glowing I probably would too. I only light 'em up once a year, though.

HOWARD JOHNSON

VOW WOW
'Cyclone'
(East Rock ERLP 50)
KKK

DOES IT come with the territory or what? The HM equivalent of a *Nissan* plant, turning out metalmachine after efficient metalmachine, shiny-shiny, not one of the workers getting grease under his nails or sweat on his surgically-sterilised suit. 'Cyclone's the musical equivalent of Picasso painting by numbers – the talent's there (there in a big way when it comes to keyboardist Rei Atsumi), but it's

hard to spot it when the whole's been pieced together with such carefulness, deliberation and lack of imagination. I've got nothing against class; but, unlike Arthur Scargill and the entire population of Japanese HM bands, I don't consider it the be-all and end-all of existence! Plastic ain't got no place in Metal.

Vow Wow you probably know best as Bow Wow (Bs and Vs, I'm told, are interchangeable in Japan) who've been going since '76 and are among the top handful of Japanese heavy rock bands. This is the first time a record of theirs has been released *officially* in the UK, thanks to a new company called *Far East*, which plans to put out Nipstuff on a regular basis. Maybe their other albums are better, I don't know; this one they've produced themselves, providing an overall cling-film sheen that seems to hold the music back, keeping it polite and tame, when the instrumental sounds – gentle, almost orchestral playing that threatens to roar into almighty thunder-and-lightning crasharama, but scurries around on ground-level instead – promise a hell of a lot more. I'd like to see them live (there's word of a visit here in the Summer . . .)

The three Ks are for 'Siren Song' on *Side Two*, Atsumi demonstrating the keyboards that could rule the world, 'Rock Your Cradle', lousy title but fine song, and for the (a moment's silence) *two Queen tributes*, the clap-punch bit in 'Shake Your Body' and the operatic yell and OTT harmonies in the closing ballad, 'You Know What I Mean.' (The reason I didn't even mention *Side One* is 'cause I didn't like it, bar the Tangeriney-dreamy intro to 'Premonition'.)

So, 'Cyclone's definitely less than the sum of its parts; more a misdirected breeze.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

WENDY O. WILLIAMS
'Kommander Of Kaos'
(Zebra ZEB 7)
K

KOR! 'KRUSHER' will kill me and Wendy will wallop me, but isn't this just the biggest piece of s**t?! I've got a lot of time for WOW's stoic resistance to passive, blandola living, and if you read the Plasmatics' book, 'Your Heart In Your Mouth', you'll see what I'm getting at! She's got a nice, firm body too (Mr. Joule knows what I'm getting at!), but this here music is as flaccid and floppy as you can find! I think I'd have more fun having piles removed, cos 'KOK' is the same old Krok Of Krap you've heard a million times before, shuffled and juggled and never sounding any better than when . . . Motörhead did it originally!

It's not as if Wend has any shame! No dying of the roots, no siree! Let's put a cover of the 'Head's 'Jailbait' on and let the world in on the secret! Secret? Yeah, that we are actually a cheap, nasty, dull imitation with about as much idea of what HM is about as a stuffed turkey! Well, you sure show yourself to *be* one, lady!

God, I really can't come up with one positive adjective to tack on to the end of any of these numbers! 'Party', 'Bad Girl', 'Fight For The Right', 'Goin' Wild' – turkeys one 'n' all! And don't they just sound like it?! Gobble, gobble, gobbledy gook! Never has supposed pleasure been so bloomin' painful.

Does Wendy really think that she's gonna make a name for herself by unconsciously parodying the *genre?* Some people have the weirdest notions! So, as another tedious riff and raw-hide vocal drones on into the night, appropriately titled '(Work That Muscle) F**k That Booty', I strongly advise that we re-name 'Kommander Of Kaos' 'Kommander *at* Kaos'. In other words, KAK – and you can't say fairer than that, mate!!

HOWARD JOHNSON

ZENO (JOE ROTH, brother of Uli, centre): 'wimpy, watery wubbish', sez hardman Putterford

ZENO
'Zeno'
(Parlophone PCSD 102)
K

SO THE ingenious visionaries at *EMI* left Zeno to scribble in their own noughts on the cheque that secured their recording contract with the company, did they? That's interesting. Of course, you know *EMI*, kidz – the chaps who have given the world Pallas, Tobruk, Uli Jon Roth (incidentally, what was wrong with 'Ulrich', Ooly?) and other such exhilirating rock acts in recent times – and you know they'd NEVER splash out like an Arab in Soho if they weren't convinced a band was well worth it, don't you? *Don't you . . .?*

The fact is, *EMI* have pulled another cracker to find there's precious little inside; indeed, the more I listen to this band's mind-bogglingly bland debut album, 'Zzzzzzzzzzeno', the more their reputed seven-figure signing sum seems ludicrous. OK, so the guitaring of Joe Roth (brother of Ooly) is very good, occasionally excellent, the rest of the musicians show equal aptitude and the production work of Terry Manning, John Mathais and Ian Taylor is of the highest standard. But what use is all this when the material is weak, wimpy, watery wubbish about as exciting as an Open University lecture at six o'clock in the morning? 'Don't Tell The Wind'. . . 'Heart On The Wing'. . . 'Sent By Heaven'. . . on and on it drones; I had to employ someone to pinch me every 30 seconds or so to keep me awake for the dreadful duration of the thing.

Throughout the time I spent listening to this album (and I DID give the wretched thing plenty of chances to impress), the one recurring thought I had was how much it reminded me of the pretentious crap knocked out by Ooly Roth's Electric Sun. Not only does Joe play in a similar style to his big bruv, but he's also roped in ex-Electric Sun singer Michael Flexig and ex-Electric Sun bassist Ule-Winsomie Ritgen to cement the likeness – also using the kind of 'deep & meaningful' song titles ('Signs On The Sky', 'Circles Of Dawn', *etc*) that Ooly's so obviously fond of. And if that ain't enough, the word 'sun' crops up all over the place, too ('Eastern Sun', 'Sunset'. . .); I mean, why don't the geezer just call himself 'Ooly' and be done with it?

Still, the one sobering thought is that *EMI* dropped Ooly after his album with them sold about six copies, and if the comparisons between the two brothers continue, then maybe they'll do the same with Zeno when this equally boring effort bombs as I expect it to.

Zeno, they say. Zero, I say.

MARK PUTTERFORD

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

METAL
THE ULTIMATE BOOK
AVAILABLE ON
Mail Order only

'Metal' Features All Your favourite death/thrash/speed metal bands (including Venom/Slayer/Metallica/ Celtic Frost/Mercyful Fate/Exodus and many more.

To get your copy send a cheque/postal order/int money order made payable to Roxeene Int

For £6.50 + postage	UK	Europe	U.S.A.
	£1.00	£2.00	£2.80 (surface mail)

All orders to **Roxeene Int, PO Box 42, LONDON England W5 4XQ**

First 500 UK orders receive a giant poster of Venom
First 500 European orders receive a giant poster of Celtic Frost
First 500 U.S.A. orders receive a giant Metallica poster

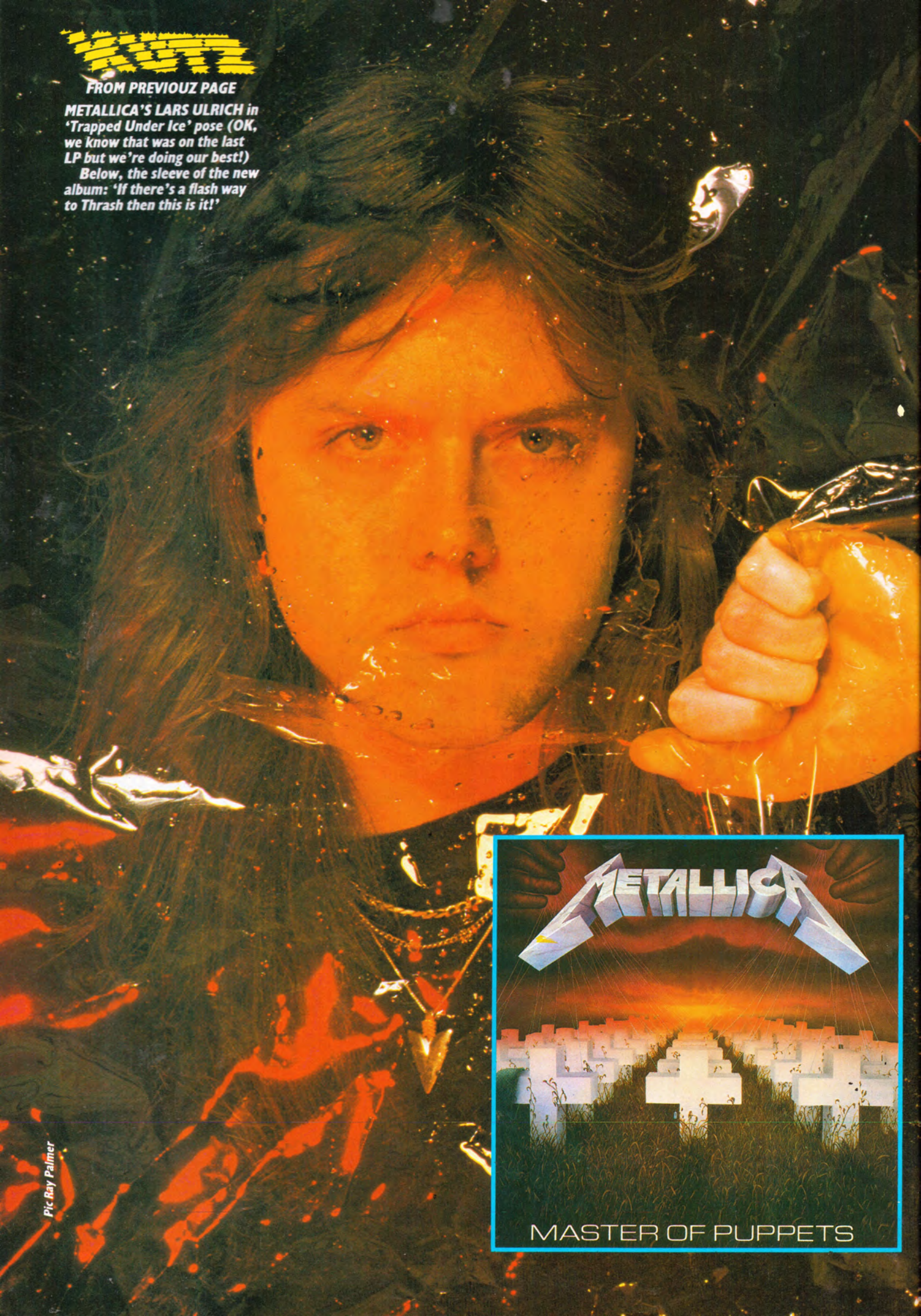
Many thanks to all the bands and record companies for their help in compiling this book.

MIKE RYAN

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

METALLICA'S LARS ULRICH in 'Trapped Under Ice' pose (OK, we know that was on the last LP but we're doing our best!)

Below, the sleeve of the new album: 'If there's a flash way to Thrash then this is it!'



Pic Ray Palmer

12-SSS-1
★1 LOVE MISSILE F1·11
■2 HACK ATTACK

■ вокальный
MARTIN DEGVILLE

■ местобас
TONY JAMES

■ бас
NEAL X

■ барабан
RAY MAYHEW

■ барабан
CHRIS KAVANAGH
★ DEBUT 7" AND EXTENDED 12"
★ поставить заранее для
чем пятый поколение от окапа и свиток
угрожающий страстный

MASTER BLASTER

METALLICA
'Master Of Puppets'
(Music For Nations MFN 60)
KKKKK

WHAT IS it, a year-and-a-half since the 'Ride The Lightning' album was released? Something like that. Many moons have stared down at us from the sky since Xavier Russell's hysterical drunken review forced me to stick my head back into the bass cabinets for Metallica. Time in which the band have finally begun to outgrow their cult origins; the space between their debut LP, 'Kill 'Em All', and 'Ride The Lightning' may have seen the band evolve into one of the quintessential Thrash groups, cursing audiences all over Europe and America with a deadly combination of *punch* and *kick*, but with their new album, 'Master Of Puppets', Metallica prove that they are that, yes, and now perhaps something more, something far *greater*.

Right. Thrash is wired and Thrash is weird, and anybody with just a bit of bad-minded violence in their hearts understands its dark appeal. But Thrash is also nihilistic, it eats its own asshole day and night and never wonders why; it's a jerk-off in the face of every unbreakable convention, sick because it's fun to be sick sometimes, boorish and vulgar. All great qualities in hardcore anti-everything heavy rock, but ultimately insane and unforgiveably predictable after a time.

Thrash is that buzz and Thrash is great, but it repeats itself too much of the time to keep you interested, *genuinely* on the edge of your seat.

I don't know if Metallica would agree, but I suspect they might be saying something like this on their new album 'Master Of Puppets'. The band have moved on, grown stronger and written material more powerful and more, let's see, *mature*.

Metallica have grown up, and on 'Master Of Puppets', their third LP, they stand taller than they ever have before.

Don't run away with any wrong ideas though: the speed quotient is still there intact, as fast and mean as a guitar can come, but the drama and the dynamics have both improved dramatically. The band are still travelling the same hungry roads, but where they used to stomp and maul the senses like a bully out of control, now they dance and fly adding an animal grace to their sheet metal aggression.

Opening with 'Battery' the setting is at once calm, as a cold acoustic guitar holds you by the arm and says listen: then someone strikes a match and the whole f**kin' powder keg goes off right in your face! One for the Metallica 'Frash-Fraternity (hi, Xavier!), and a shot in the eye that traps you in the light. As 'Battery' thunders out its climax, and with no time left to argue, 'Master Of Puppets', the title track, arrives sudden and strange with no invitation, and the first crack in the ceiling starts to appear.

The first truly epic moment on an album loaded with heavy drama, 'Master Of Puppets' is a brilliant HM hymn, which you can't hum but you can't forget. It seizes you by the hair and lays you out under its iron wheel, the biggest goddamn cannon on the hill, and the playing is all light and shade, a moody middle section and a compelling climax. (Kaptain) Kirk Hammett and James Hetfield make their guitars whiplash round the room like indoor fireworks, Lars Ulrich (drums) and Cliff Burton (bass) fuelling the whole thing on raw, awful adrenalin alone.

'The Thing That Should Not Be' seeps into life off the warm breath of another quiet-before-the-storm acoustic guitar intro, and then those riffs begin . . . The bass and drums wrap themselves around your head and the guitars are all chemical, the posion trickling down your throat.

'Welcome Home (Sanitarium)' is a pure departure from former Thrash overtures; another epic, it features a classic slow sinister build-up, boiling guitars, threatening rhythm and drums, a sawn-off Hetfield lead vocal and another dynamite under-the-pillow anthem as the story unfolds.

Side Two carries all the same weight, more maybe. 'Disposable Heroes' is a real 'I Was Born For Dying' rave-up, and the band really move on it, really get down and into it. 'Leper Messiah' is New Age Thrash, fast like a bullet through the heart but unbelievably percussive, Mr. Ulrich excelling himself in every department; if there is a flash way to Thrash then this is it!

'Orion', an instrumental, may just be the best number on an album lousy with best numbers. Walks like a ghost out of the speakers and descends into its own shadow; wonderfully atmospheric guitars smeared over everything, the bass and percussion giving it all the theatre the story demands.

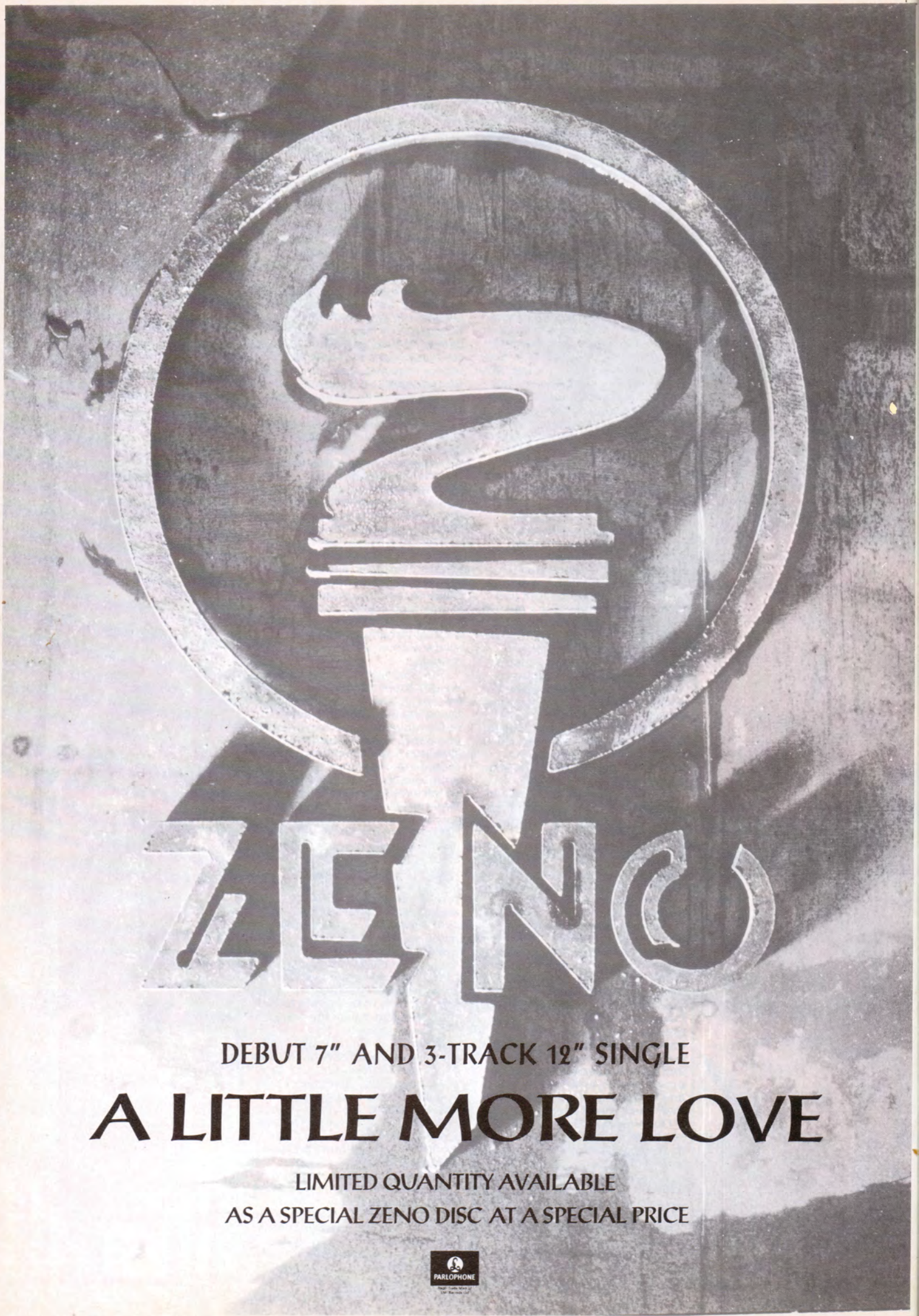
The closer is something called 'Damage Incorporated' which flys so far out over the edge the only possible way to follow it is to lock the doors and repeat the whole process over again . . .

Metallica should be very pleased with themselves: 'Master Of Puppets' is their finest LP to date, finer I think than any of their so-called contemporaries are likely to record this year.

If you're into Heavy Metal, and God knows you better be if you want to buy this album, and you like to believe that even your worst mania has at least *some* hidden meaning, which you must do to read *all* the way through this twisted twaddle that pays the rent and keeps me fed and drunk, then, as they always say at the bottom of five-K reviews, 'Master Of Puppets' is most definitely the album for you. MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 25

SIGUE • SIGUE • SPUTNIK
★ PRODUCED BY GIORGIO MORODER
СИГ СИГ ★ СПУТНИК
★ возбуждение
★ телевидение гадкий
★ изобилие
★ ракета
★ бмкс
★ дом вымыслять
★ быть для похождение от а детении группа чей директор интерес включать ★
PARLOPHONE



DEBUT 7" AND 3-TRACK 12" SINGLE

A LITTLE MORE LOVE

LIMITED QUANTITY AVAILABLE
AS A SPECIAL ZENO DISC AT A SPECIAL PRICE

PARLOPHONE

FROM PAGE 23

LONDON
'Non-Stop Rock'
(Roadrunner 9733)
KK

LOYAL FOLLOWERS of the Los Angeles trash-glam-Metal scene over the last few years will already be familiar with the band London. This is the outfit that spawned first Nikki Sixx and then Blackie Lawless, and 'Non-Stop Rock' is their first album. And it's been a long time coming. Nikki's Mötley Crüe are three albums and a few million sales ahead, and Blackie's W.A.S.P. hit six figures with their first album and will be cheesed off if the follow-up, 'The Last Command', doesn't do even better for them. So where the hell have London been all this time? Not so long ago they had the hottest name in West Hollywood. What happened?

When asked, Nikki Sixx once commented that the boys in London spent too much time drinking (and not enough time thinking!) to get their collective career into viable shape.

Whatever the reasons, good or not so good, for the prolonged delay, it's here finally . . . And what a load of old bollocks it's turned out to be!

'Non-Stop Rock' is better proof than 'Theatre Of Pain' or 'The Last Command' of what good and talented bands both Mötley Crüe and W.A.S.P. are. London have the image, certainly. Lead singer Nadir D'Priest and guitarist Lizzie Grey have got sleaze dripping from their shoulders and cheap tack smeared on their pouting lips, and both peer into the camera from the back of the sleeve with eyes full of malevolent cold fire that speaks of sleepless hours prowling amongst the human traffic of downtown LA. So far, so baad!

But snap the record on and I give you 15 minutes before you ask me to turn the damn row down. Opening with 'Dirty City', the pace is one-dimensional and predictable, a slow death-ride into the tattooed oblivion of such pearls of wisdom as:

'Don't you really wanna know/ What I'm doing after the show/ Don't you really wanna see/If I'm real or fantasy . . . ?' – 'Non-Stop Rock'

Or:

'All you pretty babies and cool-looking dudes/Satin, leather, studs and a handful of 'ludes . . . !' – 'Party In Hollywood'

Every song seems to be about how great it is being in London (the band, that is) as if they were trying to make the listener jealous . . . The vocals are dreadful and corny, charmless, weak and affected, not even very interesting Bad Taste at that. And the guitars and everything else all shout and stomp blank-eyed, utterly vacuous, failing time and time again in their squalid aim to bring a really contrived spirit to the whole thing . . .

Everybody sounds so excited about the songs but the songs are nearly all worthless, while the playing and singing is kept too often at an educationally subnormal level; after just a short while the tedium sets in so heavy that your eyes start to roll and your jaw begins to crack and your ears turn to stone. And then the next thing you know all the joints in your . . . body . . . start to . . . SEEIIIiizzZZZE UP . . . !

MICK WALL

CHARIOT
'Burning Ambition'
(Shade 4)
KKKK

AS REGULAR scanners of these 'ere leaves will undoubtedly know, I'm not one to be turned on by every bunch of beleathered, blubber-brained bozos who plug into a *Marshall* stack and make like a deranged baboon with a masochistic fetish for bruised foreheads. In fact, upon successfully wrenching away the longest part of a turkey's wishbone after lunch at the *Savoy* each day, I often wish for a Stalin-esque purge of the moronic masses of Metal bands currently polluting European and American vinyl with a disease known as 'Chronic Incompetence'.

However, should such a clear-out ever occur, Chariot would be one Heavy Metal band to slip through the noose unscathed, for as their new, second album 'Burning Ambition' shows, they're an outfit who can offer much more than just yer everyday bash. Dare I say it for fear of misrelating the essence of Chariot's highly-charged macho Metal? But this band's music seems a touch more *thoughtful* than that of many other Metallurgists, and it's clear that Pete Franklin (vocals/rhythm guitar), Scott Biaggi (lead guitar), John Smith (bass) and Jeff Braithwaite (drums) have worked hard to write good *songs* within the obvious confines of the *genre*. Good for them!

'Screams The Night' is a great way to start, with Braithwaite 'n' Smith belching out the rhythm and the two guitarists grinding together to send the sparks flashing and showering in all directions. 'Meet My Match', with its buzz-saw guitar riff, is next, and along with 'Cradle To The Grave' and 'Burning' (I'm not over-keen on 'Play To Win') it makes for a startling *Side One*. There's nothing special or spectacular here, and in fact I wouldn't even go so far as to say that Chariot are particularly outstanding at this point in their career. But even a stern cynic like me can't argue that this isn't good, solid, straight-down-the-line HM.

And there's more . . . 'Strangers' at the outset of *Side Two* is another great mind-munchin' Metal track, as are both 'This Time You Lose' and 'Wasted Years', feeding ravenously off the natural exuberance which this fearsome foursome create. But just to show that they're not all crash 'n' burn, Chariot cool it temporarily for the slowie, 'So Blind', and do a remarkably good job, too.

Finally, there's 'Heartless', another track (that makes two) that I'm not totally enamoured with, but although it's a shame the band couldn't have finished on a higher note, this is still, nonetheless, an encouraging album from The Four Charioteers. I certainly wouldn't class myself as a dyed-in-the-wool HM fan, but 'Burning Ambition' is indeed a fine example of Great British Metal.

MARK PUTTERFORD

SPELLBOUND: 'a swanky set of sparkling Swedish sorcerers . . . this album is a cracker – with a message inside which reads: 'Buy Me!"

SPELLBOUND
'Rockin' Reckless'
(Sonet SNTF-952)
KKKK½

I'M SPELLBOUND! And the wand-waving wizards behind this hard rock hocus-pocus? Why, Spellbound, of course – a swanky set of sparkling Swedish sorcerers who have just conjured up a cauldron of magical, molten Metal called 'Rockin' Reckless'. And if that sounds like a potion to be quaffed by the pint, read on . . .

OK, OK, enough of this journalistic gibberish, let's talk about the *band*, and more importantly, the *album*, for this Scandinavian outfit do seem to be perfectly capable of creating a decent future for themselves in thiz biz.

So what's so good about them? Well, as with Baby Tuckoo (to whom I also dealt KKKK½ – see last issue), there's nothing incredible or revolutionary about Spellbound, it's just that they've captured the essence of good quality hard rock and refined it for their own use in a way which immediately endears them to you. You couldn't claim this album to be the best or most original of the year, but by the same token you certainly couldn't argue with the fact that it is very, *very* good, and that it elevates Spellbound into rock's higher brackets.

What I particularly like about 'Rockin' Reckless' is the way lead vocalist Hans Fröberg & Co have balanced the heavier, harder material with the lighter, softer stuff in a way which is neither detrimental to the album nor uncomfortable for the band. 'Shot Of Love' at the end of *Side One* is a sentimental slowie with even a snip of sax, but far from being 'the obligatory ballad' it is in fact one of the album's best trax (in my opinion); a vinyl indication that Spellbound can easily exceed the usual boundaries of hard rock if need be.

Another outstanding track that benefits from being a little different is 'Mistreated Heart', midway through *Side Two*. Featuring both acoustic and electric guitars, it's a mixture of tempos and moods, and blessed with some dazzling lead guitar work it eventually builds into a blinder (© G. Barton, 1985). And to finish with, the short, piano-based 'Sing Goodbye' makes for a pleasant change from the rock'n' roll norm, too.

But if I've given the impression that 'Rockin' Reckless' *doesn't* rock recklessly – perish the thought! Seven out of the ten trax on this album kick and punch like a cornered skinhead, rocking you along with riffs 'n' rhythms to spare. There's the title track with its classical intro – a typically exuberant opener – the single, 'My Kinda Girl', which is wonderfully commercial without sounding out of place, 'Love On The Run' and 'Drinking Alone', a tough, mean sonofabitch that'll drag you to your knees.

On *Side Two* there's more fluorescent guitar colouring, more choruses to hang your coat on in the shape of 'Street Prowler', 'Dying For Your Touch' and 'Heat It Up', and by the time you reach the surprising 'Sing Goodbye' you'd have to be a tough nut to crack (or a dead terrapin) to remain unimpressed.

Congratulations must go mainly to Fröberg (who wrote all the material – being helped on 'Drinking Alone' and 'Dying For Your Touch' by Al Strandberg and JJ Marsh respectively) and producer Vic Maile, though for their accomplished guitar work I couldn't possibly leave out special mentions for Strandberg and Marsh (especially Strandberg, who also makes many effective keyboard contributions), and neither could I forget the rhythm team of Thompson (bass) and Ola Strandberg (drums), who also do a worthy job.

This album is a cracker – with a message inside which reads: 'Buy me!' MARK PUTTERFORD

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Creepers'
(Heavy Metal Worldwide HMI LP 47)
KKK

DONALD PLEASANCE is a B-rated actor, the pinnacle of whose career was the *Holsten Pils* TV adverts (remember 'the odd lager'?). Which doesn't really inspire too much hope for Dario Argento's 'Creepers', a new slice of celluloid featuring good ol' Don as one John McGregor . . . unless, of course, you happen to know that 'Creepers' also boasts a soundtrack album featuring Iron Maiden, Motörhead, Bill Wyman, Andi Sex Gang and a few utter non-entities (including a bunch of 'Ities' named Goblin, which has got to be good for a giggle!)

Now before you get too excited by this, the 'Head and Maiden numbers, namely 'Locomotive' and 'Flash Of The Blade' respectively, are hardly unobtainable items, so I might as well get stuck into the more obscure musical meanderings before deciding on essential K-kredentials!

Goblin (who contributed to the soundtrack of Argento's 'Suspiria') weigh in heaviest with five tracks of airy-fairy *Fairlight* fodder that probably sound positively super in conjunction with the visuals, dahlink, but don't do much to worry the rock 'n' rollers amongst us. Looks like Bill 'Bad Boy' Wyman has had too much Goblin an' all, linking with Terry 'Who He?' Taylor to clink across a few tedious revolutions.

The mega-renowned Claudio Simonetti and Simon Bodswell also tweek the tweeters with a few wacky noises which could hardly be deemed well crucial, so it's down to Andi Sex Gang (of Sex Gang Children fame) to pump some iron with three pretty groovy Goth stompers. 'The Quick And The Dead', 'You Don't Know Me' and 'The Naked And The Dead' are *bona fide* rockers with more than a touch of the eccentric and the eclectic to stamp some imprints on the mind.

Not exactly a record to rush out and buy, then, but if you saw it down the *Record & Tape Exchange* it could be a different story. But why no free *Holsten Pils?!*

HOWARD JOHNSON

VIRGINIA WOLF
'Virginia Wolf'
(Atlantic 781 274 1)
KKKK½

MAYBE THIS is a convenient place to point out that recently a lot of young British hard rock acts have fallen flat on their faces, and then again maybe it isn't, as Virginia Wolf could (read *should*) be the first UK band to crack the elusive home market in a very big way. I'd like to think that this release will be a turning point.

So what do we have? Well, I think the key word has got to be *style*. What Virginia Wolf can do with four instruments (bass, drums, guitars and vox) is truly remarkable and, in this day and age especially, pretty unique. The magic here lies in their ability to write immensely catchy songs and then leave them uncluttered and bare of self-indulgence. Indeed, if you listen carefully you'll notice how sparse and simplistic the strongest songs really are; space and silence are used to optimum effect in the same fashion as did, say, Free or, more correctly, Bad Company.

Employing the superb production skills of Queen man Roger Taylor, who really has come up trumps, Virginia Wolf have delivered a perfect senses-shattering record that easily stands proud as one of the all-time classic debuts from any group. Indeed, it's hard, nay impossible, to pick out any cut which fails to complement or support its neighbours, and with five tracks a-side that's not bad going for a band who have been thrown in at the deep end from the moment they were signed.

From devastating hard rockers to coy, often emphatically delicate, ballads, the choice of material is refreshingly vast and sometimes surprising. Take for instance 'Don't Run Away' which pursues an almost disco dance mode until its Metallic identity is loudly brought into focus by solid power chords. 'Take A Chance', meanwhile, is a pop rocker's wet dream, while the eerie 4/4 steadiness of 'Make It Tonight' adds that majestic (Zeppelinesque?) quality.

But the heavy rockers – and this I'm sure is what you *really* want to know about – are all faultless masterpieces. Crashing from the stereo with a clarity of mind-blowing proportions, there's hardly a moment wasted. 'For All We Know' and 'Goodbye Don't Mean Forever' both fuse British blues hunger with North American dynamics beneath monstrously heavy bass/drums interplay, while 'Livin' On A Knife Edge' follows a similar pattern, easing slightly for the lilting ballad 'It's In Your Eyes'. Here is possibly the best example of Chris Ousey's brilliantly different voice – certainly the most identifiable vocalist to have emerged in years.

Top dog? 'Fraid there's no clear winner, but the choice comes down to the rollicking 'Only Love' or the everlasting triumph of 'Waiting For Your Love' (resplendent with female backing vocals).

There's no doubt that Virginia Wolf are equipped (especially with Jason Bonham on drums) for major success.

DEREK OLIVER

THE ICICLE WORKS
'Seven Singles Deep'
(Beggars Banquet BEGA 71)
KKK

I LIKE the Icicle Works, I really do. But, all in all, I'm not much enamoured of this singles collection. It was touted, at the end of last year, as being TIW's answer to 'Vital Idol', but they didn't think much of that idea and now I begin to see why.

I'm not a great fan of compilations on the whole and this particular effort seems to have little reason for being. Unlike 'Vital Idol', these tracks have not been remixed from their original form (other than to include the extended versions rather than the album or seven inch versions); plus, all the tracks are available on previously issued product, again unlike 'VI', the only new thing being the packaging which, as with all *Beggars Banquet* product, is excellent.

This may work as an introduction to the band's music or as a recapping of their previous chart successes (or otherwise), but if you've already got the back catalogue or just couldn't care less then this doesn't seem to offer any incentive to get interested.

DAVE DICKSON

JOHNNY THUNDERS
'Que Sera, Sera'
(Jungle FREUD 9)
KK½

'QUE SERA, SERA', as any Doris Day fan (ask your mother) will tell you, means 'What will be, will be'. This fatalistic attitude will probably serve Johnny Thunders well when he comes to read the reviews of this, his *n*th album.

Much as I like Thunders no-one's going to convince me that this is classic stuff, and that the man isn't capable of so much more than the rather limp material he's come up with this time around; and this despite guest appearances from such star chums as Mike Monroe, Stiv Bator, Patti Palladin, Wilko Johnson and Nasty Suicide.

There's ten tracks on this album and only two are really worth giving turntable time to – 'I Only Wrote This Song For You', a sentimental acoustic number with some fine sax playing courtesy of Monroe, and 'Little Bit Of Whore' which features some fine lyrics. Overall, however, this pales into insignificance next to 'So Alone' (1978) or 'DTK, Live At The Speakeasy' (also on *Jungle,* from around 1977), or even the semi-bootleg 'In Cold Blood' on the French *New Rose* label. Seek these out for some raucous rock 'n' roll and the *definitive* Thunders.

DAVE DICKSON

AVENGER
'Killer Elite'
(Neat 1026)
KKK½

RUN FOR the hills cos those Geordie pounders Avenger are back on the streets with 'Killer Elite'! I have to confess I wasn't overly keen on their debut outing, 'Blood Sports' (Neat 1018); OK, with a title like that you expect to hear a 'chainsaw' riff, but sawing through the same animal for 45 minutes or so? – Come on lads! So imagine my delight when word filtered through that a new kind of saw was going to be employed on 'Killer Elite', in the form of Philadelphia-born guitarist Greg Reitor; yes, this lad's been well-oiled, and at least he changes speed now and again.

That said, this is a patchy album; parts of it are brilliant, such as 'Steel On Steel', which is all about Vikings (should you believe what you read in *Neat*'s fine publication *Lead Weight*). And then there's the mighty fine 'Under The Hammer', which comes complete with more teazin-riffin' from the aforementioned Mr. Reitor. But when the band just frash on pointlessly and endlessly, as they do on 'MM 85', you begin to ask yerself if they're really serious. Take 'Sawmill'; great title, eh? But sadly the music is well on the blunt side.

I can't make up my mind about Avenger; there definitely *is* a market for 'em, the problem is it's the meat market.

XAVIER RUSSELL

ICON
'Night Of The Crime'
(Capitol 064 24 0407 import)
KKKKK

SOMETIMES I'D like to get hold of one of those flash *Kramer* guitars from one of those tarty looking prats in poxy bands like

VOYEUR
WELLINGTON – MARCH 5th
MARQUEE – MARCH 12th
JENNIE G. KEITH, 29 TAYLORS CLOSE, MAIN ROAD, SIDCUP, KENT. 01 302 0236.

Kennedy Street Enterprises present
TWISTED SISTER
PLUS SUPPORT

Mar 23	IPSWICH Gaumont	£5.00
Mar 24/25	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£6.00, £5.00, £4.50
Apr 20	NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre	£5.00, £4.00
Apr 21	MANCHESTER Apollo	£5.00, £4.00
Apr 22	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£5.00, £4.00
Apr 23	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£5.00, £4.00

All concerts start 7.30pm

JOHN MILES: 'immaculate AOR tunes . . . seeping class'

Mötley Crüe or Ratt and smash it into a million pieces over their genuinely disturbing grins. Then, after ramming the 'wang bar' down their throat sideways, I'd like to poke a copy of 'Night Of The Crime' into their grubby mits, telling them to get acquainted with its contents, like *quickly!*

Good rockin' ain't easy to come by these days, but I *can* bring you hope. Icon is the monicker, freshness is the message and tradition is being blown sky-high with the meanest set of rhythms I've heard in some considerable time (since the last Keel LP, I believe). With mangled riffs and serious pouts, Icon are no strangers to the witching hour.

A five-man outfit led by vocalist Stephen Clifford (since departed), who has the greatest rock 'n' roll voice yet discovered; mature, comfortably stunning and extremely convincing as he shouts and leers around the edge of brilliant virtuosity. And the rest of the band are equally talented, each member stretching himself to the max, achieving a tightness that is simply outrageous. Loud guitars are well up front, delivering plenty of katchy riffs, and the drum sound is excellent, highlighting the tough rigidity of partner 'n' bassist, Tracy (a man) Wallach. Heaven, sheer bloody Heaven!

Plenty of memorable songs too (produced by master-of-the-craft Eddie Kramer, with Ron Nevison handling the mixing) that are so numerous it just isn't fair to pull out individual cuts. 'Strength', 'intelligence', 'substance', 'perfection, 'sturdiness' these are just a few of the adjectives that flow when trying to describe the power inherent in this LP.

I don't wish to end on a downer but I do have some *baaad* news. Even though Icon have produced a five-K classic, the future of the band looks far from rosy. As already mentioned, vocalist Clifford has left the band and become a born-again Christian (shades of Stryper?), *Capitol* have dropped them and the rest of the troupe (plus new singer – a bit iffy by all accounts) are having no luck interesting other major labels.

Just when I thought I'd found the perfect beast . . .

DEREK OLIVER

JOHN MILES BAND
'Transition'
(Valentino 7 90476-4)
KKK½

PETER FRAMPTON
'Premonition'
(Virgin V2 365)
KK½

BOTH JOHN Miles and Peter Frampton hit the centrestage during the mid-Seventies before finding they had 'all area' passes to oblivion. For Miles it was the astonishingly symphonic validity of the 'Music' 45 in '76 that whisked the man briefly into the starlight café, whilst during the same year a double live album titled 'Frampton Comes Alive' did similarly spectacular things for the mainman's pocket book.

But this is '86 and does anyone care about two hollow cheek-bones grafted from days gone bye-byes? Well I do, and in Mr. Miles case I reckon things could be on the upswing.

Using producers Pat Moran, Trevor 'Yes' Rabin and Beau Hill, he's come up with a deliciously mature bunch of immaculate AOR tunes *á la* Phil Collins-meets-Russ Ballard-and-Knifes-Foreigner. 'Once In Your Life' (brilliant), 'Run' (surging) and 'Blinded' (poetic) all have memorable moments, seeping class and distinction. And if overall the LP is a mite too clinical then maybe that's more down to Miles feeling his way into the unknown rather than any lack of commitment.

Frampton is rather less convincing, however. Sure, 'Stop' has some brutally honest guitar heroics, but most of the songs promise more in the eloquence of Pete's writ(h)ing than is delivered on the nail. Again, one could argue that Frampton is a little ill at ease with the modern generation, but he'll have to rapidly improve if he is to survive and prosper alongside hot 'young' things like John Parr and Bryan Adams.

MALCOLM DOME

Dokken
· ON TOUR ·
WITH ACCEPT
APRIL
Tuesday 1st – DUBLIN, SFX Hall
Wednesday 2nd – BELFAST, Ulster Hall
Saturday 5th – LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon
Sunday 6th – BRISTOL, Hippodrome
Monday 7th – BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
Tuesday 8th – MANCHESTER, Apollo
Thursday 10th – EDINBURGH, Playhouse
Friday 11th – NEWCASTLE, Mayfair
ALSO AVAILABLE:
· THE ALBUM ·
'UNDER LOCK AND KEY'
ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE
ELEKTRA
Distributed by WEA Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Co.

THE KERRANG

SPECIAL SPRING OFFER

KUT-AWAY SWEATSHIRT: a mere £7.95!

SWEATSHIRT: a steal at £9.75!

T-SHIRT: an irresistible £4.75!

MUSCLE T-SHIRT: a bargain at £4.75!

Pix Ray Palmer

! KERLECTION

SLEEVELESS T-SHIRT: just £4.75!

KERRANG! KAP: a heady £4.50!

FOR ONE issue, and one issue only, Kerrang! will be offering an exklusive diskount on any one item of merchandise that tickles your fancy – and if you've never had your fancy tickled, what are you waiting for?! A £1 off?! . . . Oh, alright then, you want it, you got it! A full 'knicker' off the listed price of the kap/T-shirt/sweatshirt of your choice.

Call us mad, call us victims of Spring Fever, or better still don't call us at all cos we're gonna be busy, busy, busy working X-tra hours to pay for this once-in-a-blue-moon bargain bonanza . . .

That's the deal. Just fill in the standard koupon below and send it off together with the diskount voucher wrapped around the front kover of this bumper issue for £1 off any individual item tastefully displayed by our brand new model (her first job apparently: didn't she do well?!) And we can't say fairer than that, can we? Who said £1.50 off?! Take 500 lines and a kold shower . . .

	S	M	L	XL
T-SHIRT £4.75				
SWEATSHIRT £9.75				
SLEEVELESS T-SHIRT £4.75				
KUT-AWAY SWEATSHIRT £7.95				
MUSCLE T-SHIRT £4.75				
KERRANG! KAP £4.50				

Overseas readers add £2.50 P&P for Sweatshirt orders and £1.10 P&P on all other items.

I ENCLOSE £.....

Please ensure that you fill in *both* name and address forms.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

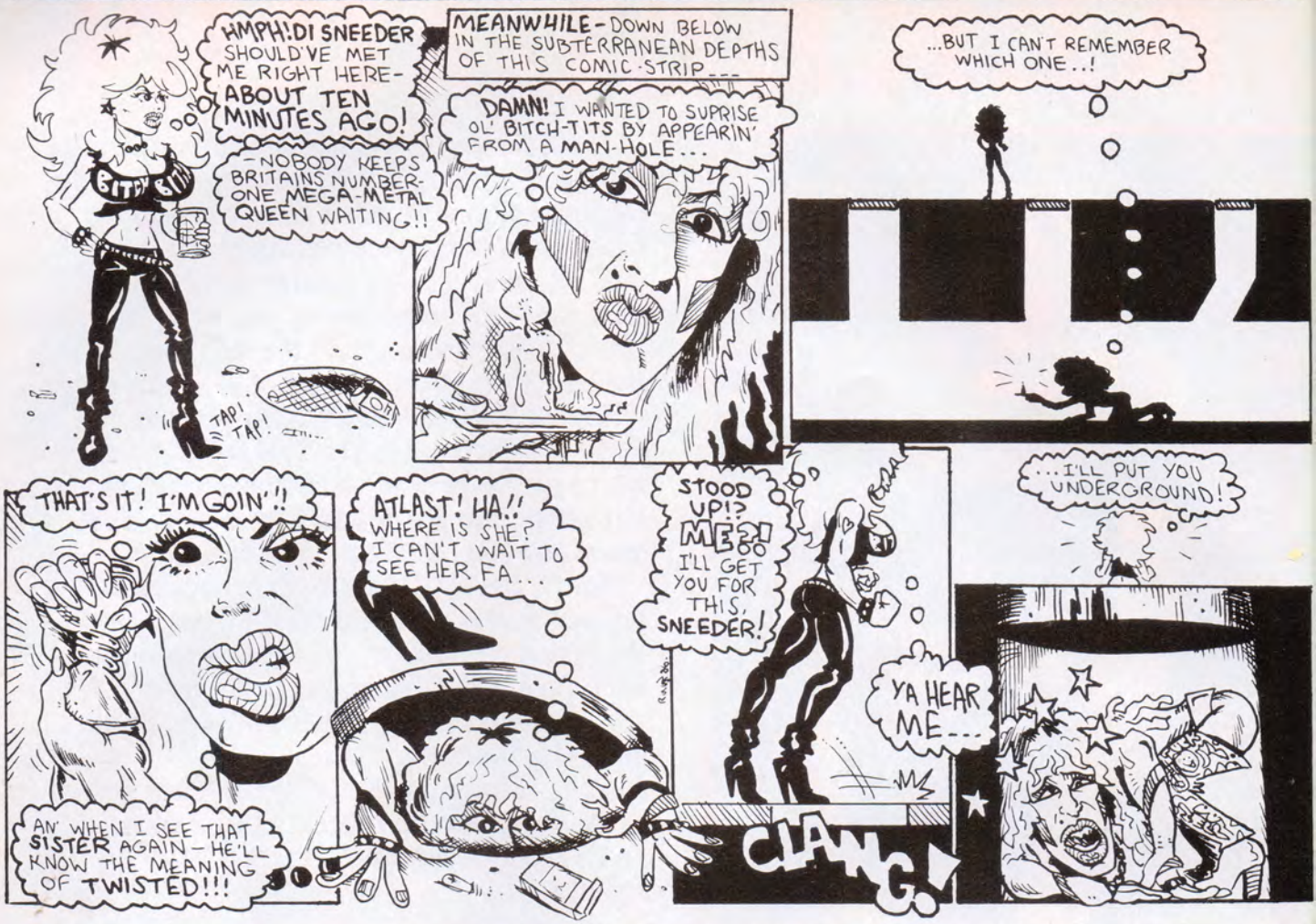
.....

.....

If undelivered please return to PO Box 50, Harlow, Essex CM17 0DZ.

All t-shirts, sweatshirts etc are available only in black and in sizes Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. The Kerrang! kap comes in one size only, but will adjust to fit any noggin, no matter how hair-festooned or oddly-shaped! All items are exklusive to Kerrang! and are not available for purchase outside this magazine!

The prices quoted in the kaptions below the piks include P&P. Please send your remittance to The Kerrang! Kerlection, PO Box 50, Harlow, Essex CM17 0DZ. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to 'Spotlight Publications'. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Just komplete the form on this page and be the envy of your fashion-conscious noise-neighbourhood!


HMPH! DI SNEEDER SHOULD'VE MET ME RIGHT HERE- ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO!
- NOBODY KEEPS BRITAINS NUMBER-ONE MEGA-METAL QUEEN WAITING!!
TAP! TAP!
MEANWHILE - DOWN BELOW IN THE SUBTERRANEAN DEPTHS OF THIS COMIC-STRIP...
DAMN! I WANTED TO SUPRISE OL' BITCH-TITS BY APPEARIN' FROM A MAN-HOLE...
...BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE..!
THAT'S IT! I'M GOIN'!!
AN' WHEN I SEE THAT SISTER AGAIN - HE'LL KNOW THE MEANING OF TWISTED!!!
AT LAST! HA!! WHERE IS SHE? I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HER FA...
STOOD UP!? ME?! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, SNEEDER!
YA HEAR ME...
CLANG!
...I'LL PUT YOU UNDERGROUND!

THE NEW KERRANG! BINDER

***IT'S HERE** at last – the new, improved,* **Kerrang!** *binder!*

If you like to keep yer kopies of **Kerrang!** *perfect, pristine and krease-free, then here's your chance! The latest edition of our lavishly-produced binder has the* **Kerrang!** *logo emblazoned in full kolour on the spine and each will hold stacks of issues!*

The **Kerrang!** *binder costs just £5, including postage and packing, or 10 US dollars outside the UK. Cheques, postal orders or international money orders should be made payable to 'Spotlight Publications'.*

Just complete the form below and send with payment to: **Kerrang!** *Binders, Morgan Grampian plc, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ.*

(NB: The half-eaten burger, chips, semi-dunked biscuit and kold koffee in the pic on the right are for display purposes only *and are not available as optional extras.)*

Please send me ..... *Kerrang!* Binder(s)
I enclose a cheque/postal order/international money order for .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
SIGNATURE ..... Date .....
Charge cards accepted: Access, American Express, Diners Club, Visa. Please state .....
My card number is:

SHEENA EASTON (far left) used to be a mild, timid, not to mention tiny, housewife from Glasgow . . . until she became the subject of a *BBC* TV documentary and ended up a star. Now the gal travels the world having her photo taken with figures such as **Keel** guitarist **Marc Ferrari**. Isn't life great?!

Of course, there might be a professional reason for Ms. Easton being caught in the company of Mr. *Austin Rover*, such as the fact that she's about to do a heavy rock album (ha, ha!) and needs some fretboard advice, but we doubt it. More than likely, young Marc seized this opportunity to have his hairstyle snapped with the only person in the Western hemisphere who makes Glove Puppet **Dickson** look big!

WELL, YEAH sure, we all know that age has a way of mellowing out even the most outrageous of characters (**Ozzy** notwithstanding), but isn't **Joannie Jettson** going just a little *too* far with this display of aquatic glee?! Surely this can't be the same female who was once caught (censored) in Spain with **Mick** 'Bookhound' **Wall** and **Peter** 'Steam Iron' **Cronin**.

On the other hand, this could all be a hoax and that bottle of *Perrier* might actually be filled with **'Krusher'**-approved *JD*. For the sake of your complexion and reputation, we hope that's the case Joan!

SOME PEOPLE have to wear an ever-thicker pair of 'shades' to look cool, whilst others just slant their eyes to get the same effect. Here we present two prime examples of the different approaches. On the left is former Cot Operator **John Waite**, whilst that ex-**Mott**ly figure **Ian Hunter** takes up a position on the right. Now, would you buy a secondhand album from *either* of these dudes?!

Incidentally, Mr. Waite was kind enough to purchase a bottle of bubbly for **Ross Halfin** recently whilst both were sunning themselves in Los Angeles. Waite was in town recording a song with **Don Henley** and Halfin was there for some SSB (serious sun-bathing). **St. Sylvie Simmons** and **Mickey Dudesickle** (*aka* **Doc Doom**) were on hand to aid the befuddled snapper with the contents of the *Moet* bottle.

THE INDIGNITIES that some rock stars have to endure in the name of fame! Hotly denied by the *MCA* powers-that-be but revealed in a loose slip of the tongue in the ladies loo (so we were told), teenage hotshot **Charlie Sexton** was actually turned away from his own post-*Marquee* lig!!

Held at the salubrious **Tudor Club** in Piccadilly, this particular den of iniquity was so overcrowded with liggers and assorted hangers-on that Sexton couldn't get in. Reports that the bouncers refused him entry on the grounds that he was too young can be discounted, however.

Amongst the non-invited gate-crashers were *Kerrang!*'s **Dave Dickson** and **UFO**'s man about town, the collapsible **Paul Raymond**, who was dragged out by his feet, so we were informed.

But this was nothing to the furore raised by **Ozzy**'s appearance in Belfast recently. Like so many sentinels at the Gates Of Hell, certain 'religious' folk could be seen and heard for miles around exhorting the youth of Ulster to desist from sacrificing their lives to the unholy One within the concert hall walls. Rumour has it that the loudest of these 'protestants' was one **Rev. IP** . . . but who are we to say?

At least Ozzy seems to be getting up a higher class of nose these days. Oh, and incidentally, we don't think anyone bothered swopping their ticket for holy orders.

AT LAST!! A **PETER MENSCH** STORY!!! Long has *Uber* Mensch been out of the *VFTB* running but now he's back!!

Having married the gorgeous, pouting **Sue** and returned to sanity, Mensch has now taken up the time-honoured ritual of Headbanging!!

Ozzy at the *Hammersmith Odeon* was the venue, 'Crazy Train' was the number of the Beast and 'Diary Of A Madman' is the chronicle by our own **Mick Wall**.

Incidentally, **Metallica** drummer **Lars Ulrich** was seen to hide his face in abject shame as his ebullient manager bounced off the walls . . .

KOMIK KORNER

"A MAN goes to a psychiatrist and says, 'I have a problem with my cousin. He thinks he's a chicken!' The psychiatrist's advice is to 'have him committed', but the man then explains, 'Well, we'd *like* to have him committed, but the thing is . . . we need the eggs!'"

The Ratt kollektive

"They don't look much, but you should hear their version of 'We Are The Road Crew'."

DEBUT SINGLE FROM

MENDES PREY

'WONDERLAND'

AVAILABLE NOW 7" (WAG 2) 12" (12 WAG 2)
DISTRIBUTED BY EMI VIA PRIORITY

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

GLAD (NOT) TO BE GAY

I DIDN'T buy the latest issue of *Kerrang!* (113) for one reason – the cover. There is absolutely no way I am going to buy a magazine with a cover featuring a member of Mötley Crüe (yet again!) looking macho-gay (like they all do). But, even worse, it proudly boasts a nude centrespread of Ozzy Osbourne. I hasten to add, I *didn't* take the magazine down from the shelf at the newsagents to see if this was true.

I don't know about your average Heavy Metal reader (some of us aren't HM you know), but I am *not* a homosexual and I am *not* paying for a magazine which suggests that I might be – I do have some self-respect! That offensive cover and the whole macho-glam mega-mean psycho hardman Metal image is, in fact, little better than the likes of Boy George, Prince and Marilyn. This image can do all the damage it likes to Heavy Metal but just keep it well away from rock – restrict these perversions to your *Mega Metal Kerrang!*.

I'm not a prude but I'm not a homosexual either. If there's another issue of *Kerrang!* with that sort of cover then I won't buy that one either, fair enough? **Steve, eight 'O' levels and no hope.**

'WEDGE'-TARIAN

AT LAST, Derek Oliver's wonderful review of the new Pallas album 'The Wedge' vindicates what the band's fans have always known. Namely, that Pallas, given the right material and production, can and *have* provided us with the BEST British album of the decade. I can only reiterate what Derek said in his review – that musically speaking Pallas are 'in no particular category whatsoever'.

This is an album that should appeal to everyone from the most dedicated headbanger to lovers of Tears For Fears, Arcadia and all the arty stuff *Kerrang!* often features. Do yourselves a favour, go out and buy this record *now* and treat your ears (and your brain) to Scotland's finest. **Diane Barker, Sheffield.**

SUSSED AT LAST . . .

NO, NO, don't tell me. Let me guess. Mötley Crüe are managed by Deaf Barton's brother. The Monotonies Commission has been informed. **Zeus, London W12.**

OFF THE BALL

I HAVE been reading *Kerrang!* ever since the first issue and usually it's very good. However, I have noticed over recent months a failure to review some really excellent albums whereas you seem to have found space for loads of thrash crap.

LPs like Icon's 'Night Of The Crime', Joshua's 'Surrender', Kick Axe's 'Welcome To The Club', Drama's 'Scene From A Distance', Fortune's first LP, London's 'Non Stop Rock', Victory's first LP, Autograph's 'That's The Stuff', Holland's 'Little Monsters', Pantera's 'I Am The Night', Orphan's 'Salute', Prophet's first LP and Sweet Pain's LP.

Kerrang! was once really on the ball with reviews, and even if they weren't favourable at least the bands got their names mentioned; now, though, it seems that you are way behind. So come on, get your fingers out and be more up to date with the news an' reviews. **C. Noonan, Skelmersdale, Lancs.**

I think you'll find a kouple of the albums you mention reviewed in this ish, but point taken – Ed.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

HERE ARE seven things I would like to see in (or out) of your comic in the new year;

1) A policy of regularly recruiting new staff to avoid the current stagnation and egoing-out amongst writers; the worst culprits are Johnson, Dickson and Wall.

2) Less 1960s hippy s**t. I don't give a f**k about the roots of Metal, I wanna see the new stuff – sacrifice Welch!

3) More, more Metal! Why do you bother with *Mega Metal* special issues? That's what *every* issue of *Kerrang!* should be like! I listen to a lot of the softer bands too, but *Kerrang!* should stick to its (apparent?) original concept of being the only major Metal magazine.

4) Another video compilation, this time featuring, perhaps, a more interesting selection, *ie.* not clips we might already have.

5) No more *Extra Kerrang!* – oops, you beat me to it!

6) Become a weekly publication, thus making *Sounds* totally (as opposed to *semi*) redundant. PLEEZE!

7) More Penpal pages, I love 'em – especially the photos! Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's all. **OMNI MAXIMUS METALLICUS! Mad Dog, London.**

WOMEN IN CHAINS

IT'S FEBRUARY 1986 and reflection time. This, dear world, is a plea from the heart. The cause is for women – again. The Jake E. Lee/Bonutto theory Mk I of 1984 seems to have held: women haven't got the balls to achieve success.

Being a female I can certainly say we haven't got *any* balls but many of us are fighting for success. A few of us women wish to become successful musicians/journalists but are constantly being downgraded by female rip-offs who seem intent on destroying what credibility previous women have built up in the industry. How can women be taken seriously when trash like Oral are around?!

How many David Coverdales/Gary Moores are there? Why was BB King not called Beatrice? What few female singers, *etc. do*

PLONKER TALK (I)

WHAT THE hell do you lot think you're playing at? I'm talking about the nude Ozzy pull-out. This is *Kerrang!* not *Playboy!* Who the hell wants to see Ozzy's body anyway? His music's bad enough!

OK, so it was a laff with Ozzy trying his hand at modelling, but if things like this carry on then heavy rock will have something else against it, apart from its anti-God stuff, booze and so-called 'bed' language.

For Devil's sake, get back to the music and quit all this publicity-grabbing crap. **Tom Beaumont (not an Ozzy fan), Gwynedd, North Wales.**

PLONKER TALK (II)

ONE OF the occupational hazards of being a regular *Kerrang!* reader is that you need to develop a kast-iron konstitution in order to keep your dinner moving in the right direction. Let's face it, we've been presented with some horrific sights over the years.

This time, though, you've REALLY overstepped the limits. Ozzy in the nude? Show SOME humanity, please!

It's only the tattoos that make him distinguishable from Judith Chalmers – same hair, same taste in dresses, same number of chins, *etc.* **Kerriss, Manchester.**

S.T. RECORDS.

3 Rowan Road, Cannock, Staffs, England, WS11 1JJ

IRON MAIDEN – LOTS MORE IN CATALOGUE

12" Sanctuary – 4 Track (Thatcher Pic) £4.29
12" Women In Uniform (French & German), Run To The Hills, No Of The Beast, Trooper, Flight of Icarus, Maiden Japan, Twilight Zone (All European) (all Pic) ..... (ea) £4.29
LP Powerslave (Picture Disc) ..... (ea) £6.99

KISS – LOTS MORE IN CATALOGUE

LP Ace Frehley, Gene Simmons (with posters) ..... (ea) £4.49
LP Paul Stanley, Peter Criss (with posters) ..... (ea) £3.49
LP Dressed to kill, Rock'n'roll over, Hotter than hell ..... (ea) £4.99
PETER CRISS LP Out of control, Let me rock you ..... (ea) £2.99
LP Unmasked (US) (with poster) £3.49

ALBUMS & 12" POSTAGE 85p for one + 25p each extra

AC/DC LP '74 Jailbreak (US) £4.99
MARILLION LP Real to reel (picture disc) £4.99
W.A.S.P. Animal 12"/Shaped picture disc ..... (ea) £2.79
TROOPER LP On a roll, Airplay, The hard way ..... (ea) £1.99

CONCERT PROGRAMMES POSTAGE 40p for one + 15p each extra

DEEP PURPLE Perfect strangers world tour £2.50
VENOM 1985 tour £1.99
IRON MAIDEN World slavery tour £2.50
DONINGTON '85 ZZ TOP, MARILLION etc £2.50

BOOKS POSTAGE AS FOR LP's

IRON MAIDEN RUNNING FREE (updated version) £5.99
OZZY OSBOURNE DIARY OF A MAD MAN £5.95
MÖTLEY CRÜE OFFICIAL BIOGRAPHY £4.95

7" SINGLES POSTAGE 35p for one + 5p each extra

ASIA Don't Cry/Twilight (P) £0.99
RAINBOW I Surrender, LA. Connection (Both P) ..... (ea) £0.99
ROCK GODDESS H.M. Rock'n'roll (picture disc) £1.49
W.A.S.P. Blind in Texas (Jap+lyrics)(P) £3.49
THOR Let the blood run red (Picture Disc) £1.25
MÖTLEY CRÜE Home Sweet Home (Jap+lyrics)(Pic) £3.49
RATT Lay it Down (Jap+lyrics) (P) £3.49
IRON MAIDEN Run to the hills (+ Xmas Card) (P) £1.65

Catalogue 18. Out now, hundreds of imports, picture discs, deletions, cheap LP's/Singles, by all Rock/Metal Groups. Send SAE for free copy. Overseas send 2 I.R.C's.

JEANS £18.99

FREE T-SHIRT WITH EVERY PAIR ORDERED

WAIST SIZES: 28" 30" 32" 34"

Black & White Stripe (1cm)
Black & Red Stripe (1cm)
Tight Black P.V.C. 'Leather Look'

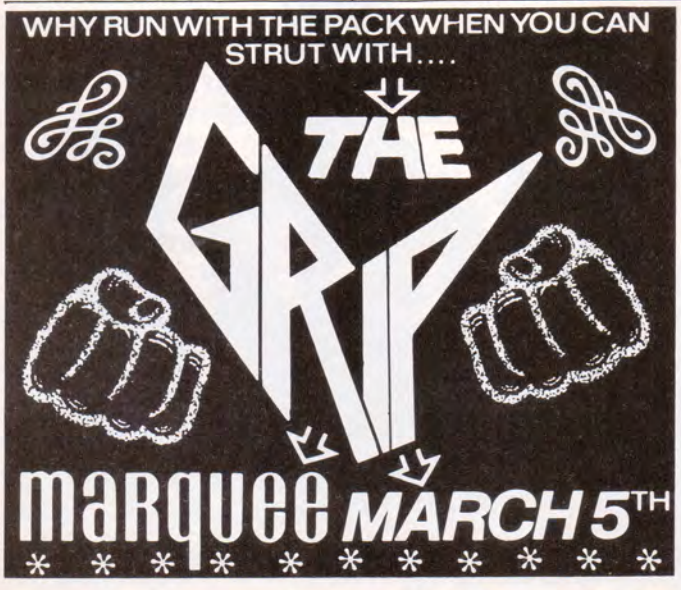
TEE SHIRTS
Small, Medium, Large
DIO★WASP★KISS★AC/DC
SCORPIONS★ZZ TOP★CRUE
LED ZEP★PURPLE★OZZY

ADD 75p p&p
Overseas £2.50
Make cheques PO's to: **HM GEAR**

HM GEAR
20 TRAFFORD CLOSE
GREAT MISSENDEN
BUCKS HP16 0BJ

CATALOGUE:
Send 2 stamps OR 3 IRC's

SCARVES, PATCHES, BADGES BELTS, WRISTBANDS ETC



VENOM: about time we realised they aren't a joke, sez a reader

LEGALISE LOBOTOMY CAMPAIGN (I)

VENOM ON the way out? Bollocks! OK, so Exodus were brilliant on the '85 European tour, but so were Venom. They were also better showmen, but that will come in time for Exodus.

I know what you're saying at the moment, *"but they were voted worst group in the poll"*. You should remember, however, that Bon Jovi and Marillion also featured in that list and there's no speculation as to *their* demise.

It's about time you realised that Venom aren't a joke and are here to stay. **Quinny, Ginsborough, Cleveland.**

LEGALISE LOBOTOMY CAMPAIGN (II)

AFTER READING issue 112, I'm totally fed up with the way Venom get slagged off when they're much better than the likes of Ratt, Bon Jovi, Marillion, UFO, Rush, *etc.* Venom are totally f**kin' mega! So how come they get voted worst band, and have the two worst records? 'Nightmare' is a f**kin' brilliant song, and as for 'Possessed', even though the production isn't that hot, it's still a great record.

Venom should have featured in the live performance section of the readers' poll. Every UK show was pure overkill. The lighting was on a par with Iron Maiden's, they had an excellent wall of sound and the set they played was brill. As for Xavier Russell's review of the *Hammersmith Odeon* gig, it was pure s**t. He didn't give Venom a chance.

Anyway, keep up the good work and continue to feature Thrash/Death/Black/Speed Metal bands such as Slayer, Razor, SOD, Anthrax, Possessed, Blessed Death, Celtic Frost, Hirax, Zoetrope, Warfare, Helloween, Exodus, Megadeth, Hallows Eve, Bulldozer, Destruction, Abattoir, Avenger, Artillery, Atomkraft, *etc.* **Michael Matthews, Chappington, Northumberland.**

achieve success seem to pale into insignificance after the first bad review. You only need to look at your own *Kerrang!* staff to see the lack of women. Mucho credit is due to Laura Canyon and Sylvie Simmons who have survived many a year and fought many a prejudice; given half a chance you'd have another female hack if only the male members of the rock journals would stop thinking 1) Women are birdbrains 2) I'd run off with the first bassist that comes my way 3) Women careerists are out. **Fiona, Garstang.**

CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS?

I WAS recently at an Ozzy gig in Belfast and was disgusted to see so-called 'Christians' picketing the show. Now, I'm no bigot – I have a lot of time for Christianity – but where do these guys get off? One of the imbeciles tried to convince me that Ozzy planned to make a goat swallow explosives and then blow it up! They consistently sounded off about the one now legendary incident when Ozzy bit the head off a bat, and showed a depressing narrow-mindedness, possessing no knowledge of the man beyond the fact that he used to be in Sabbath (and therefore *must* be evil!) and that he isn't likely to be in the running for a job at the RSPCA.

I'm sure that these protestors all go to church and I haven't noticed anybody complaining about that, so why should they complain about HM fans going to see Ozzy? It's none of their business so they should leave us alone. **An Ozzy and Stryper fan, Belfast.**

SKIN AND BON (JOVI)

THANKS FOR a great magazine! There is only one thing I would like to say; the next time you decide to have a 'nude' centrespread, perhaps you could get a younger model. For example, why not ask David Lee Roth, Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx without the *'Mayhem'* slash or perhaps Jon Bon Jovi (although I imagine he'd be a little shy). I'm sure they'd be delighted to grace your pages in this way, and you'd make a lot of your female readers very happy. **Lesley Nelson, Derby.**

JUDAS PRIEST'S ROB HALFORD in modest pose: will this do girls?!

PLAY LEAD GUITAR

Your own teacher in your own home. Postal teaching course recorded on cassettes specially created to teach **ROCK** and **MODERN LEAD** guitar styles. This course will save you years of struggling on your own with books. All the solos, modern lead runs, licks and riffs, are played for you on cassettes to practice along with. This is actually better than going to a teacher, as it enables you to have each lesson as many times as you wish. You may also write to me at any time for free help and advice if the need arises.

Courses are:

LEAD GUITAR ☐
RYHYTHM GUITAR ☐
BASS GUITAR ☐
by Jack Wilcock

DRUMS ☐
by John Kirk

For free details tick the course you are interested in, fill in the coupon and post now to:

Jack Wilcock Teaching Tapes, Dept. K,7 Heaton Close, Newark, Notts NG24 2LE.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

SHADES

The Basement, 9/12 St. Annes Court (off Wardour Street), London W1V 3AX
Tel: 01-434 1363
Open 10-6 Mon to Sat

NEW RELEASES

Bobby Barth	Two Hearts, One Beat (Axe/ Blackfoot, many memories)	£8.99
Van Stephenson	Suspicious Heart	£8.99
The Innocent	Living In The Street (ex-Breathless/Donnie Iris)	£8.99
Young Blood	Soundtrack (features unreleased Mickey Thomas, Starship, Mr Mister, Autograph etc)	£9.99
Flip	1st (modern wimphem)	£8.99
Rainbow	Final Vinyl	£7.99
Ted Nugent	Little Miss Dangerous	£6.99
Export	Living In The Fear Of The Private Eye	£8.99
The Filthy Rich Band	Mini LP (Bon Jovi meets Glam)	£5.99
E.G. Daily	Wild Child	£8.99
Virginia Wolf	1st	£5.49
United Nations	1st	£4.99
Chariot	Burning Ambition	£4.99
Metallica	Master Of Puppets	£4.99
Marti Lebow	Crimes Of The Heart	£7.99
Lisa Rhodes	Shivers	£8.99
Great White	Face The Day	£5.99
Jeckyll And Hyde	First Tyme	£6.99
Two-Timer	Rock To Rock	£5.49
Trilogy	Songs For A Rock 'N' Roll Night	£8.99
Panther	1st (features Jeff Scott ex-Rising Force)	£6.99
Hurricane	1st (features Sarzo & Carvarzo Bros – immense)	£4.99
Whiplash	1st (ultimate thrash)	£5.99
King Diamond	Fatal Portrait	£4.99
Carnivore	1st (really gross)	£4.99
Wrath	Fit Of Anger (thrash)	£8.99
Rosie Vista	Mini LP	£4.99
Marillion	Brief Encounter (US mini live LP with unreleased live tracks)	£7.99
Face To Face	Confrontation	£8.99
Joshua	Surrender (11th March cheaper)	£5.49
Raven	The Pack Is Back	£5.49
Axewitch	Hooked On High Heels	£6.99
Bad Lizard	Power Of Destruction	£5.99
Marilyn Martin	1st (cheaper)	£5.49
Heir Apparrent	1st (immense Maiden clones)	£5.99
Mercy	Witch Burner	£6.99
Ratt	Mini LP (back in stock)	£3.99
Sacred Rite	The Ritual	£5.99
Jimmy Barnes	Jimmy Barnes (immense in Bryan Adams style)	£6.99
Artimus Pyle Band	Something To Believe In	£8.99
Metal Massacre	7 (as hot as usual)	£8.99
Vow Wow	Cyclone (cheaper)	£4.99
Poison Dollies	1st (immense, horny females, leather bra's etc)	£8.99
California Metal	Various (Neon Blitz, Jester, Mad Racket etc)	£8.99

BACK FROM THE DEAD

Sheriff	1st	£7.99
Derringer	Live	£7.99
Angel	On Heaven As It Is On Earth	£3.99
States	Picture Me With You	£3.99
Planet P	Pink World	£5.99

OVERSTOCKS/CHEAPIES
(The ultimate purge)
Some limited – please give alternatives

Pauline Gillan Band	Hearts Of Fire	£2.99
Venom	Possessed	£2.99
TSA	Heavy Metal World	£1.99
Chrome Molly	You Can't Have It All	£2.99
Mournblade	Times Running Out	£2.99
Robert Fleishman	Perfect Stranger	£2.99
Coney Hatch	1st	£2.99
Coney Hatch	Outa Hand	£2.99
Fastway	1st	£2.99
Northwest Metalfest	Compilation	£2.99
Quarterflash	Take Another Picture	£2.99
Ruthless	Metal Without Mercy	£2.99
Redvette	1st	£2.99
Snowmen	1st	£2.99
Two Guns	Balls Out	£2.99
Thunderfire	1st	£1.99
Hard Rock 83	Compilation (Kiss, Lita Ford etc)	£0.99
Etched In Steel	Compilation	£2.99
AD (features Kerry Livgren)	Time Line	£2.99
Spys	1st	£2.99
Transit	Same	£2.99
Air Raid	Same	£3.99
Battlecry	Red, White And Blue	£2.99
Sniper	Quick And Dead	£2.99
Prism	Small Change	£2.99
Prism	Beat Street	£3.99
Roy Last Group	Same	£0.99
Quartz	Live Quartz	£0.99
Nightranger	Dawn Patrol	£3.99
Moxy	Under The Lights	£2.99
Perfect Affair	Same	£3.99
Mentors	You Axed For It	£2.99
Crisis	Armed To The Teeth	£2.99
Frankie And The Knockouts	Below The Belt	£2.99
Frank Soda And The Imps	Same	£2.99
ZZ Top	Afterburner	£3.99
Torch	Same	£2.99
707	Megaforce	£2.99
Glacier	Mini LP	£2.99
Xxaron	The Legacy	£2.99
Vanadium	Live	£2.99
Voodo Chile	Adrenalin	£2.99
Voie De Fait	Ange Ou Demon	£2.99
Strattson	Out Of Metal	£2.99
Vulcain	La Dame De Fer	£2.99
Living Death	Watch Out	£2.99
Morsure	Acceleration Process	£2.99
Steel Angel	And The Angels Were	£2.99
French Connection	Various Artists	£2.99
World War III	Same	£2.99

METAL FORCES 16
THE ULTIMATE METAL MAGAZINE – 56 PAGES
FEATURES: Pantera, Helloween, Metallica, Possessed, Poison Godz & millions (!) of LP reviews etc
£1.00 + 50p postage

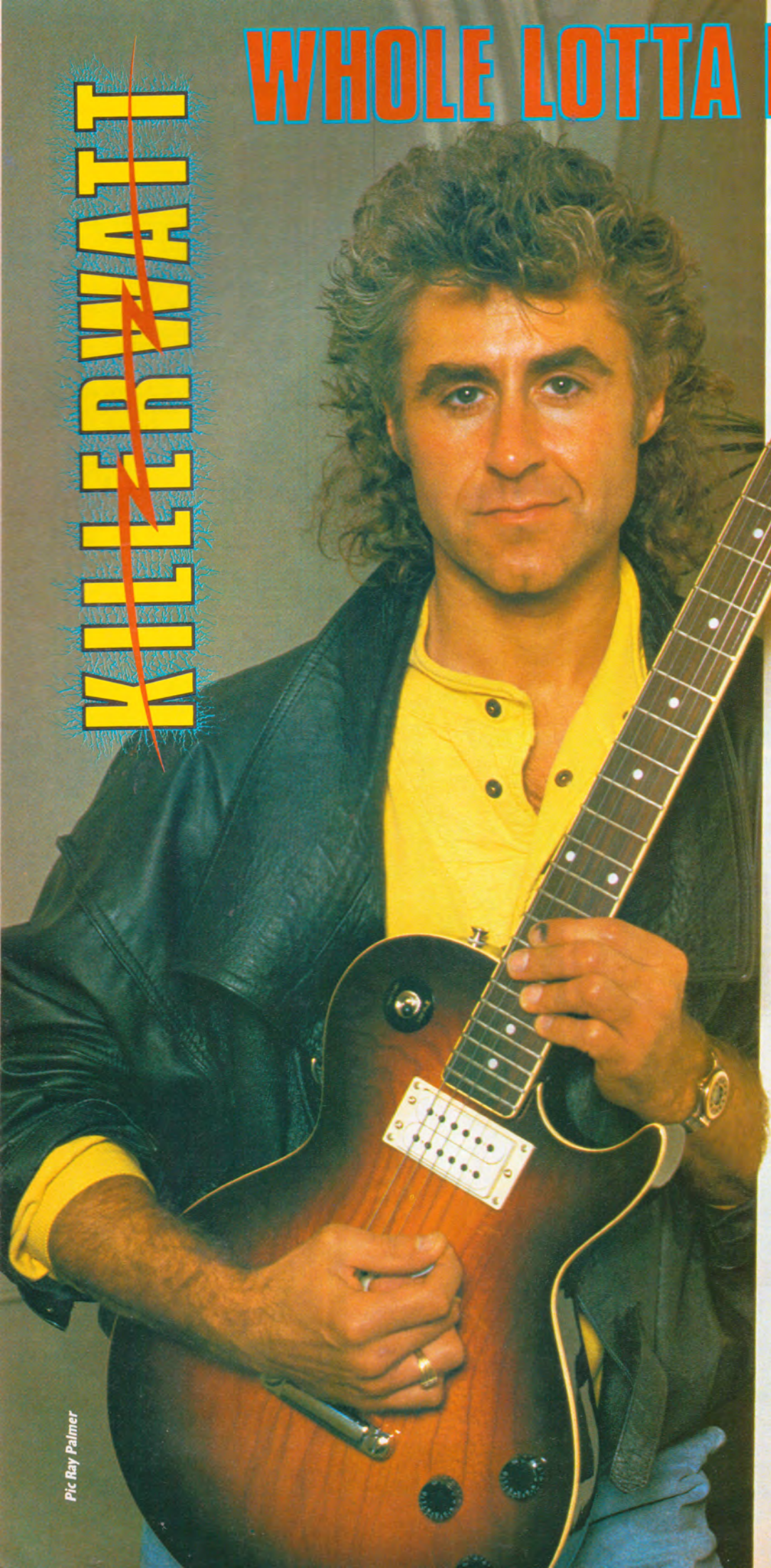
NEW VIDEOS

Thor	Live In London	£19.50
Uriah Heep	Easy Living	£16.50
Robin George	Dangerous Music	£16.50
Alaska	Live	£16.50

POSTAGE & PACKING
MAIL ORDER: UK 1LP=£1, 2LPs=£1.50, 3LPs £1.75 + 25p each extra disc
UK Videos: £1 each; Mags: 50p each
Europe & Scandinavia: double UK rates, USA, Canada, Japan, etc: double European rates
Cheques/POs etc made payable to 'SHADES'
To avoid delay please state alternatives.

WHOLE LOTTA HOHNER!

KILLERWATT



Pic Ray Palmer

JOHN PARR with the *Arbor Les Paul*, a guitar that can 'hold its own against instruments at least *twice* the price . . .'

HOHNER ARBOR SERIES LP
RRP: £110.00

THE *LES PAUL* shape is very probably the most popular ever created. In the market war, of course, there are also fans of the *Strat* design, but, for sheer volume of production, the LP beats all-comers. Since it was first introduced in the '50s, the design has been copied by a hundred different manufacturers, who produce instruments ranging from the 'replica' (in other words, an exact and faithful reproduction of the original) through to hellish things which bear about as much resemblance to a *Les Paul* as a *Vespa* does to a *Norton Commando* . . .

With so many 'copy' guitars around, it gets increasingly hard for buyers (and especially *first-time* instrument buyers) to make the right purchase. Let me assure you, there is an awful lot of absolute rubbish on the market. Happily, when *Killerwatt* was first introduced to the *Arbor* series late last year, we discovered a very low-priced guitar, which had the benefits of being a fairly good copy of the original design and also of playing pretty damn well. This isn't always the case . . . all too often manufacturers will splash out on the 'cosmetics' of an instrument and quite merrily forget that, while it might look good, it also has to play as well!

The *Arbor Les Paul* scores on both these points, starting with a heavy duty clear polyvinyl covering over a nicely matched brown wood-grain finish. This is tough with a capital T, able to stand the effects of barnstorming plectrums and/or dropping the guitar. On the hardware side, six fairly efficient tuners are fitted, a rather poor plastic nut, 22 excellent frets on a fine-grained fingerboard and two humbucking pick-ups, plus the usual bridge/tailpiece configuration. All in all, the components range from the excellent to the rather dodgy, but it is (generally) the smaller items that suffer from the budget-conscious strokes of the makers – such as the nut – though most

can easily be rectified. But, since this is supposed to be the world's best known guitar, let's forget the hardware and concentrate on the sound of the beastie.

Well, first off, the *Arbor* isn't perfect. Not that you expect it for this price, but certain problems with it showed themselves during the review period. Firstly, the action (height of the strings from the neck) needed attention to bring it down to a reasonable level. With the strings so high from the pick-ups, the sound was rather weak, but as soon as the action was lowered, bingo! Bags of output, and a rare delight: both the pick-ups gave a fair approximation of *true* neck/bridge sounds.

The neck pick-up delivered the usual gut-mushing roar ideal for HM rhythm playing, but with a separation between the individual strings that allows for fingerpicking and single note playing without the usual 'interference' from other strings vibrating. The bridge pick-up generates a fine lead guitar sound, with plenty of treble response and not too many of the tacky mid-range noises that 'copy instruments' usually suffer from.

The next problem was mashed digits . . . the edges of the pick-up covers being rather sharp. This is fine for the wary, but beginners might find it tricky. Just the sort of problem that stands out like a sore thumb (sorry . . .).

The neck is fairly slim, with a shallow D profile to it. The frets are neatly finished, and are wide – as wide as the *Hamers'* we looked at last year. This is a plus, as it makes the instrument so much easier to play. The whole guitar hangs well on a strap (as all *Gibson* types do), and while the original *Les Pauls* were a bit heavy for sitting and playing (they are HEAVY), the *Arbor* is noticeably lighter, being comfortable for long periods of time.

So much for the outside . . . but lurking beneath the backplates are the electric components, and here the cuts have bitten. The Arbor uses 'micro-pots' instead of the larger (and more robust) standard sizes, which makes the volume control mildly noisy and rendered the tone control rather muted. The rest of the wiring/innards are fine, with heavy gauge wire and all connections hard-soldered into place.

Which brings me to an important point. John Parr and friends have been spotted with 'customised' guitars – that is, standard instruments that have been doctored. New finishes have been applied, and the guitars generally chopped an' changed to suit the player concerned. The *Arbor* is a good, basic, two pick-up electric guitar, but could very easily be the canvas on which to paint your own ideas of what a guitar should look/play like. The sound from the humbuckers is, for the price, very good, but with a bit of attention to the electrics could be quite excellent.

To conclude then: this is a bargain. Obviously, it isn't a 'real' *Les Paul* (current retail price for *that* is something like £1,000!), but for the price it played, looked and sounded a fine guitar. Well set up, it can hold its own against instruments at least *twice* the price, and, yes, with a long strap you *can* do Jimmy Page impressions! Whole Lotta *Hohner?* Indeed.

TIM OAKES

There are several instruments in the Arbor *series, with the majority of guitars at £110 and basses from £125. Details from local music shops, or from* ***Hohner UK, 39/45 Coldharbour Lane, London SE5 9NR.*** Tel: ***01 733 4411.***

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

THERE'S STILL a strong reluctance amongst guitarists to take combos (combined amplifier and speaker cabinets) seriously when considering stage gear. That's understandable in some ways, considering that many combos are not really up to anything more than use as a practice amp. But there's a widespread belief that bigger means better and that it's necessary to have a back-drop of wall-to-wall amplification in order to get a decent sound.

In these days of large, sophisticated PA systems, a lot of guitarists could do themselves (and certainly *their roadies) a favour by considering a combo instead of the ubiquitous 'stack'.*

VOX 'Concert 501' Combo. RRP: £399

JUST A glance at the 501 *will give you some indication that it's a serious contender for stage use rather than just being a practice amp (although it's compact enough for that too). At 50 watts, with a single 12"* Fane *speaker, it's a twin channel job. You can preset the two channels for either clean or overdriven sounds at any volume level and the channels can be selected by a footswitch. An led on the amp indicates which channel is in use.*

The 501 *includes reverb, which is selected with a second 'button' on the footswitch. Equalisation (tone control) on each channel is via bass, middle and treble controls, and the front panel also has reverb (depth) and master volume pots tucked over at one end.*

The back panel houses a Eurosocket for connection of the mains lead, twin speaker outputs, jack socket for the footswitch, 'send' and 'return' sockets for the effects loop and also a variable level direct-injection socket.

The 501*'s sound is very encouraging – punchy and clear without being clinically 'clean', and the equalisation sections are wide enough to be capable of producing a very useful tonal range but subtle enough to allow minor adjustment. The 'second' channel, with 'gain' and 'volume' pots provides a reasonable quality of distortion which is variable between a mild overdriven sound and a full-blooded 'out-to-lunch grunge'. Equally variable is the spring reverb, which again covers a very usable range and is of a respectable quality.*

For a 30-watt amp it's actually quite loud – and can be wound up fairly high without the sound breaking up – but if you'd like a bit more volume the Vox *'Concert 502' has two 12" speakers linked to the same amp section as that of the* 501.

At the price (especially the less than RRP that most shops will be selling it for), the 'Concert' series represents a fair deal in what is still an under-used and underestimated area of rock hardware. It's small enough (20"x23"x10") to be convenient for practice use and it's certainly sophisticated enough – indeed, very suitable – for stage use, mic'd up to the PA.

YAMAHA 'VX25B' RRP: £209

WITH ONE or two exceptions, bass combos have never been popular for stage use – and even then only for small gigs such as a low volume jazz trio in a pub. Certainly for a rock band you really need something powerful and loud and therefore relatively big, which is exactly what you don't want to have to drag out from behind the sofa every time you need to try out a new lick or do a bit of practice. Consequently, a small combo for practice purposes is a popular and useful addition to the bass player's other hardware.

The Yamaha *'VX25B' is a 25 watt, single 12" bass combo with no pretensions to being a stage rig. It looks (but probably* isn't*) quite flimsy and, with a headphone socket on the front panel, like it has been designed specifically as a practice tool.*

What you really need from a practice combo for bass (and what you very often don't *get) is simply something you can get a decent volume out of without the sound breaking up and coming through like you're using a couple of distortion pedals.*

On this score, the Yamaha *performs quite well; the 25 watts are sufficient to give you the volume and the clarity, and the speaker takes all the frequencies in its stride without any sign of being about to self-destruct. The sound? It is only a practice machine after all, so I think that a simple 'certainly adequate for the job' is all that needs to be said.*

All that needs adding in order to sum up the 'VX25B' is that it should be on your list of possibilities if you're in the market for a bass practice combo.

PAUL HENDERSON

NEWZ

NATIONAL GELF SERVICE . . . *GELF ELECTRONICS,* the company who have received great acclaim recently for their 'hybrid' guitar and bass amps, have just extended their range. The new additions are an 'intermediate' 100W power called the 1200 series, designed to fill the gap between their giant 150W 'Studio' combos and their amazing little 20W Hybrid Mini designs (which are currently still priced at £99). The new 100W models will be available in lead or bass versions, and the retail price is likely to be around £250.

All the *Gelf* combos are fitted with valve pre-amplifiers (to generate a real 'tube distortion' sound) and a powerful *MosFet* power amp for a strong signal and reliability.

Details are available from **Gelf Electronics Ltd, 11A Home Farm Industry, Sherwood Drive, Bletchley, Milton Keynes MK3 6BE.** Tel: **Milton Keynes (0908) 77503.** A free technical information sheet is available on all models. TIM OAKES

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

EX-HIPPY, NOW A COMPANY DIRECTOR IN HIS THIRTIES. SLIM AND SINGLE. SEEKS AN ATTRACTIVE FEMALE FOR GIGS, CLUBS AND PUBS. GENUINE REPLIES ONLY. ALL LETTERS ANSWERED. YORKS/LANCS AREA BOX NO K638.

MALE 23 into most HR/HM Marillion, Hawkwind seeks female for gigs fun lasting relationship West Midlands, Birmingham Sandwell areas Box No K639.

MALE 21 into Purple, Gillan, Twisted Sister and bikes seeks female. Photo appreciated East Midlands area. Box No K640.

BLONDE MALE wants to meet write to American girls, Vini 16 Manse Road, Hopeman Scotland IV302TA.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE. Free details. SAE IPF (K8) PO Box 596, London SE25.

MALE 26, into Maiden, AC/DC, Ratt, seeks female, photo appreciated Clydebank Glasgow area Box No K643.

MALE (20) into most HR/HM seeks girlfriend (non smoker) for gigs, festivals and to enjoy life with. Aberdeen area. Box No K646.

RECORDS FOR SALE

A BARGAIN pot luck assortment – send £30 for 100 used LP's and 12" singles or £35 for 500 used 7" singles (postage included; our selection). Music & Video Exchange, 28 Pembridge Road, London W11. Tel: 01-727 3538.

ARE YOU WIDE AWAKE, to the Chris Tetley interviews? Legendary Rock D.J. Crazy Chris has talked to everybody on the rock scene, he's got 'em and you can get 'em **NOW AVAILABLE**, W.A.W.P 2, part one of the life and times of Ozzy Osbourne, also, Robert Plant talks about himself and Led Zep, Lawless and Homes on W.A.S.P Stanley and Carr on Kiss, and Madam X reveal all! 16 stars on one cassette! Send £2.39 + 60p P&P (UK only) £6.00 inc P&P (Europe) and £7.00 inc P&P (USA/Canada and Australasia) **STILL AVAILABLE**, S.A.W.P. 1 The Uriah Heep Story, send £1.99 + 60p P&P (UK only) £5.00 inc P&P (Europe) and £6.00 inc P&P (USA/Canada and Australasia) all to Crazy Chris Tetley, Wide Awake Productions Ltd., Lamb House, Church Street, London W4 2PD England.

IRON MAIDEN Kiss, AC/DC, Ratt, Whitesnake, Crüe. All sorts of 7" & 12" Heavy Metal rarities in stock. Wants lists welcome. **YOUNGBLOOD RECORDS**. 297 Portobello Road, London W10. Tel. 960 1381.

LIVEN UP the party with a **"MYSTERY GIRL"** the single from **"STORYTELLER"** £2 – (Inc P&P) Gary Farmer, 17 Clent Ave, Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcs.

RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL your records, tapes, CD's, videos and books bought/sold/exchanged – also ALL Hi-Fi, musical instruments, computers and cameras – **NONE REFUSED!!** Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record, Tape and Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (Open 7 days 10am-8pm Tel: 01-243 8573). Or send them by post with SAE for cash (non returned – we decide price). Quantities collected.

FOR SALE

ROCK FANS! Catalogue books, posters, t.shirts, photos, leather goods. Send large SAE plus 30p. Harlequin, 68 St. Petersgate, Stockport.

RUSH, HAWKWIND, rarities etc. Paul, 7 North Street, Redruth, Cornwall.

KERRANGS. ISSUES 1-72 offers. Pontefract 0977-792733.

TOUR PROGRAMMES including postage. Lynyrd Skynyrd One More For The Road £10 Hawkwind Levitation £5, Masques £5 Sonic Attack £5 Oyster Cult Spectres £8 Mirrors £5 Schenker 81 £5 to Ken Ivins, 25 Cypress Avenue, Widnes, Cheshire.

SKINTITE SAVAGE five track demo £3.00 inc P&P – 33 West Street, Ferryhill, County Durham DL17 8JZ.

BADGES, PATCHES, Studs, leather studded belts/wristbands t.shirts etc etc. Send two stamps for catalogue + Free t.shirt offer, HMGear, 20 Trafford Close, Great Missenden, Bucks.

RUSH, ZEPPELIN, BUDGIE, Huge collection SAE, Rob Yew Tree Close, Liverpool L12 9JQ.

KISS FANS! Memorabilia, LP's, singles, t.shirts, badges, posters. Lots of rare records (Originals pic-discs). Call Richard 0533-709113. (evenings).

TOUR PROGRAMMES first come Lizzy Johnny Tue Fox £10 Hawkwind Astounding £10 Knebworth 1978 £10. Uriah Heep Fantasy £10 Halen 70 £8 Yes Wembley 78 £8 cheques, postal orders please Kevin Ivins, 25 Cypress Avenue, Widnes, Cheshire.

WASP MERCHANDISE SAE to: Morley Music (Dept W) 14 Leiston Spur, Slough SL1 3JN.

MARILLION, ZEPPELIN, IQ, Yes, etc. rarities. SAE 21 The Pyghtle, Turvey, Bedford MK4 38ED.

SOLID SILVER DAGGER Pendant only £1.85 to introduce our catalogue of silver beltchers (16"-£6.95) chains Battleaxes snakes and skulls, in earrings pendants and rings all at discount prices. Cheques and PO payable to J. Ellis Box No K645.

ROCK RARITIES SAE for lists 10 St. Peters Street, Rochdale.

TROUSERS, PATCHES, badges, studded belts, wristbands, earrings etc. Send 2 stamps for catalogue. HMGear, 20 Trafford Close, Great Missenden, Bucks.

WANTED

DEEP PURPLE Rules, Yngwie is God, and Bruce is the "Boss" (Dickinson that is!) If you agree, send your tape list for mine. Derek Woywood 2 Purdue Place, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034 USA.

PRIEST – MAIDEN rarities, swapped or bought, but desperately sought, Joni, 142 Preston Road, Bexhill, E. Sussex TN3 9 5BZ.

MÖTLEY CRÜE, videos (Betamax), rarities anything! Ian 31 Milton Street, New Balderton, Newark, Notts.

ELP, PURPLE & Splits, Pallas live material. Have Aberdeen material/Purple Paris 8.7.85 available Box No K644.

GILLAN, DEEP Purple, – Posters, pic sleeve 45's etc. Bill 9812 McKnight Ave N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87112 U.S.A.

VIDEOS

ROCK VIDEO'S: Complete 48 page comprehensive catalogue listing all music videos available. Send £1, refundable with first order. Rock Video magazine, 6 Empire Road, Leicester.

AC/DC RARE live videos and live tapes. Send SAE for list to: A. Bateson, 41 Church Brow, Bolton-Le-Sands nr. Carnforth.Lancs LA5 8DZ.

VIDEOS WANTED

VAN HALEN Donnington £50 **NO PRIVATE RECORDING RUBBISH** Also Mercyful Fate and Alice Cooper Box No K641.

MUSICIANS WANTED

MALE VOCALIST (18, definite glam tendencies) seeks Glasgow band with future Box No K635.

IPSWICH BASED band seeks brill vocalist drummer and bassist to complete line-up. Dedication essential phone (0394) 282676.

CLASS METAL drummer looking for working metal band must have class, image, work heavy style with natural flair contact Dean Bennett, 6/56 Belsize Lane, London.

HIGH CLASS metal band with image to match seek vocalist frontman studio video work imminent major interest want to be a star? Aiden 01-263 5762.

WANTED FOR abroad excellent vocalist with good instruction for classic influenced HRband 100% dedication and ambition essential. Send demotape photo and personal data to Stonefield Management, PO Box 407, 8401 Winterthur (Switzerland).

URGENT FRENCH heavy rock band semi professional seeks vocals for **TOUR** and **RECORD** send **PHOTO** and **TAPE** to Pirault Bruno 14 Rue Balzac 91330 Yerres **FRANCE**.

FANZINES

W.A.S.P. "THE Lawless Report" is out! Write Doug, 50 Robert Wallace, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7M1XB. Please enclose $1.00 M.O.

REVELATORY 6 Rush IQ 50p L.S.A.E. 47 Murray Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

OUT NOW "A Dose Of The Heavies". Magnum heavy metal records, the Grip, Statetrooper and more. 30p plus A4 S.A.E. 11 Baldock Way, Cambridge CB1 4UU.

KATE BUSH Glossy fanzine £1.50 + 20p cheques/PO to Under The Ivy 55, Burnside Road, Dagenham, Essex RM8 1XH.

KERRANG! KLASSIFIEDS

HEADINGS: Personal, Fan Clubs, Pen Friends, For Sale, Sits Vac, Records For Sale, Records Wanted, Special Notices etc.

ONLY 25p (INC VAT) PER WORD OR 35p (INC VAT) PER WORD BOLD TYPE. BOX Nos ADD £1.15 (INC VAT) SERVICE FEE. SINGLE CENTIMETRE COLUMN £7.00 (INC VAT) MINIMUM SIZE 3scc × 1 col

COPY: 21 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION

SEND COMPLETED FORM WITH CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER TO:

OVERSEAS – AMOUNTS OF £15.00 AND LESS MUST BE PAID BY INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDER ONLY

KERRANG! KLASSIFIED DEPT GREATER LONDON HOUSE HAMPSTEAD ROAD LONDON NW1 7QZ

The publishers reserve the right to refuse or withdraw advertisments at their discretion.

PLEASE PUBLISH MY ADVERTISEMENT

UNDER THE HEADING ..... FOR ..... INSERTION/S
COMMENCING ..... I enclose cheque/PO
Value £ ..... for ..... (no of words) at ..... p
Value £ ..... for ..... (no of words bold) at ..... p

PLEASE NOTE – CHEQUES OR POSTAL ORDER ONLY CASH WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Name and address, when included in advert, must be paid for.

Kultura

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

BOOKS

'SUN CITY – THE MAKING OF THE RECORD' by Dave Marsh *(Penguin)*

THE 'MAIN' text of this book is a blow-by-blow account of how an idea by Steve Van Zandt eventually produced the music – album and single – which came out recently under the banner of the Sun City Project.

In parts it tends to get bogged down with the *minutiae* of the story, and on occasions certain aspects are a little unclear. However, given the small amount of time in which the book was put together, Dave Marsh has managed to turn a seemingly uninteresting story (I stress that I refer here to the recording process and the technicalities involved rather than to the *raison d'être*) into a quite readable and sometimes moving account of studio sessions, a million phone calls and other logistical problems associated with turning the Sun City Project idea into a fund-raising commodity.

The Sun City organisers realised early on that the consciousness-raising aspect of the project was of far greater importance than the fund-raising side. To this end the book has around a third of its pages given over to reprinting poignant paragraphs from such tomes as 'The Apartheid Handbook'.

Another third of the book consists of a selection of colour photographs – some of them very good – featuring most of the star names involved.

Although the photographs and the 'making of the record' sections are the ones which will probably sell the book, they really serve only as vehicles for the 'apartheid information' section. For these pages alone I hope that large numbers will support the Sun City Project by buying the book.

PAUL HENDERSON

'OZZY OSBOURNE – DIARY OF A MADMAN' by Mick Wall *(Zomba)*

OZZY'S BACK in the news again, something about his records driving Californians to suicide. More people have killed themselves at the *mere threat* of having to listen to Californian Steve Perry! But Ozzy's the one who attracts this sort of controversy and mayhem – always has done, probably always will do. Ozzy's the clown; you can laugh when he's pissing on some national monument, piss yourself when he falls on his face, vicariously enjoy him doing all the things most of us are too s**t-scared or sensible to do, toss him in the dumper if you don't like his performance any more, but he'll still carry on being Ozzy. . . .

Only two-and-a-half people could have written this book (the half already wrote the *un*official biOZgraphy last year): Garry Bushell and our own Mick Wall. The long and arduous task of extracting the whole story, complete and unwhitewashed, all the skidmarks still showing, eventually fell to Mick, with a three-chapter Bushell bonus – and what a job the boy's done!

You get the details – from his 'first real musical training' (testing car horns in a padded room at a *Lucas* car plant) to sharing cells with murderers, dropping acid with anyone, sharing beds with groupies (*outrageous* Oz-quotes: *"You'd turn over in bed looking for a glass of water and there would be this thing lying there looking like something Picasso had painted on a bad day"*), to joining the Sabs, to 'leaving' with a five-figure golden handshake, to divorce, marriage, pissing up, drying out, and even the cost of the werewolf wig! Plus ample examples of Wall's nifty turn of phrase ('Suicide Solution', cause of the current US controversy: *"It came battering out of the speakers on bullet-proof glass legs with a boogie guitar slung low and shot straight from the kiss of a bottle"*). There's also Steve 'Krusher' Joule's fab cover design, and lashings of good pix. A worthy opus.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'HEAVY METAL THUNDER' by Philip Bashe *(Dolphin/ Doubleday)*

PHILIP BASHE has obviously done his homework, *ie* digested record company biographies by the thousand . . . and we all know how inaccurate they are, don't we? At times he almost reaches through the outstandingly bland penmanship to make a noticeable and solvent point but generally this book is tedium at its most banal, frumpish in historical confusion and without doubt a seething example of illiterate paranoia.

It's divided into two main sections. The first is an historical and ludicrously illustrated 'history' of the *genre* which somehow manages to include such famous names as Sir Lord Baltimore, Dust and Cactus but misses on lesser known obscurities like Angel, Blackfoot, Cheap Trick and Coney Hatch. Yawn. I could go on for ever but the point has already been made – in concrete! Mind you, Boy George gets a mention and that must surely be a point in anyone's favour.

The second section is filled with biographies on ten bands, from AC/DC through Judas Priest to Van Halen. In all fairness, the historical content is fairly correct but the atmosphere and style implanted is all too often untidy and overtly ragged.

At the end of it all there is a discography, an illuminating insight into the recording achievements of ten 'big name' bands (snigger). Admirable, I suppose, but the failure to list the first couple of Quiet Riot LPs and some early AC/DC albums doesn't fill me with the sort of confidence I'm used to.

RUBBISH!

DEREK OLIVER

FILMS

'RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD' *(18)*

"DO YOU ever fantasise about being killed?" asks Trash, a bold little punkette built like Wendy O. and even less clothed, as she sits listening to her ghetto-blaster in the local cemetery with her pals. Trash does. Especially about being surrounded by a gang of slimey old codgers slurping their aged, stubbled maws and biting her to bits. Let's hear it for women with Ratt fixations! Meanwhile, the crematorium's fires are going conk-out, belching a strange smoke into the air that turns into acid rain, falls to the ground, and starts watering the coffins. Soon Trash is going to get her death-wish. 'Return Of The Living Dead' is a damned decent film that way!

How do I love thee, 'Return Of . . .', let me count the ways: some of the best zombies I've seen in my long, hard life. Some of the best zombie lines I've heard. Definitely the best zombie music ever (the soundtrack, now available on *Big Beat*, includes the likes of the Cramps, the Damned, the Flesheaters and 45 Grave, cranked out and evil). There are also three special effects that stick it unarguably up there with classic horrors of our time, namely a 'split dog' (see it for yourself!), a legless zombie plus the ultimate puke-making, so-real-you-want-to-poke-it-zombie-torso-on-the-embalming table – an absolutely brilliant bit of animatronics.

Freddie has got a job working in a medical warehouse, filled with crutches, false limbs, skeletons, corpses, stuffed animals and other good stuff, where he learns that the zombies in George A. Romero's 'Night Of The Living Dead' film *did* exist and what's more, they weren't all wiped out; they were stuck in preserving tanks, some of which were stored downstairs, and which the army has spent years unsuccessfully looking for. One of the tanks breaks open, out comes a delightful slime-creature who moves like someone at a Hawkwind gig and Freddie's never the same again. His pals – a motley crew of punks, Valley girls, casuals and one of the Jacksons by the looks of it – soon find this out to their cost.

No messing about, 'Return Of . . .' delivers the goods from the first ten minutes, and keeps on churning them out.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD': spot the drummer!

NEW SABBATH FANZINE No.1 is out! $2.00 U.S.A. £1.50 U.K. 15 Francs Write to:: Dubit Fabrice, 64 Rue Ingres 59100 Roubaix, France.

FREE APPRECIATION SOCIETY. Issue 23 out now. £1. 39 Staverton Road, Bilborough, Nottingham.

SPECIAL NOTICES

"WARFARE" NEW album – metal Anarchy producer Lemmy. Proliferating – Crescendo. Annihilating – Conformity. Uncontrollable Hardcores **GET IT.**

BON SCOTT R.I.P. Eddie Hale.

PHILIPPA BENNETTS HAPPY 21ST BIRTHDAY Love Mike, your the best xxxxx.

STAGE CLOTHES made to your own design send SAE for details Madeleines Fabrics Indoor Market, Tonypandy, Mid Glamorgan.

"PREYER" British heavy metal band, releases their demos **"FEAR THE DARK"** and **"ON THE PROWL"** available £2.00: Preyer Fan Klub, 6 Heol-Y-Bryn, Dynea Rhydyfelin, Pontypridd CF37 5EH.

PENFRIENDS

ENGLISH MALE seeks 15-17 years female into Ozzy Osbourne, Venom, W.A.S.P., etc: from anywhere in world, especially U.S.A. Write to:- London, England. Box No K642. Please include photo.

FAN CLUBS

MEAT LOAF Official Fan Club. Information Service. Send S.A.E. for details. Latest news letter 75p. Write To: PO Box 68, Stockport, Cheshire, SK3 0JY.

F.M. INTERNATIONAL fan club SAE to PO Box 29, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.

THE TERRAPLANE CLUB (K) 82 Erlanger Road, London SE14. 5th Please send SAE for details.

YES CONTACT Carol Pynn, 7 Haig Ave, Gillingham, Kent, for details.

SPIDER GYPSY fanwagon for free newsletters send large SAE to 91 North End Road, London NW11.

TARAZARA INFORMATION Send SAE to Tony Holland at 21 Forest Drive West, Leytonstone, London E11 1JZ.

ELIXIR FAN Club SAE Flat 4, 33 Malmesbury Road, London E18 2NL.

BACK ISSUES

UNBELIEVABLY, THERE are *still* a few blockbustin' back issues of *Kerrang!* available to you, the rock hungry reader!

If an issue number isn't mentioned here on this page then, unfortunately, it's SOLD OUT.

Send £1 for each issue ordered (£1.50 ONLY for each edition of *Extra Kerrang!*, *Kerristmas Kwizz Kerrang!* and *Mega Metal Kerrang!*), available strictly by post from *Kerrang!* Back Numbers, Morgan-Grampian plc, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BQ.

The price to overseas readers is $2.50 per copy ($3 ONLY for each edition of *Extra Kerrang!*, *Kerristmas Kwizz Kerrang!* and *Mega Metal Kerrang!*). International money orders or sterling cheques should be made payable to 'Spotlight Publications'. All prices include postage and packing.

***Kerrang!* back issues are going like hot cakes, so please give an alternative choice of edition wherever possible.**

Please note that if you order back issues using a charge card, we cannot accept sums of under £5.

- **No 49 Thin Lizzy cover**
  Ian Hunter/Loudness/Black Sabbath/Quiet Riot/Diamond Head
- **No 58 HSAS cover**
  Judas Priest/Ian Anderson/Clive Burr/Slade/Ron Wood/Gary Moore
- **No 61 Ted Nugent cover**
  Aldo Nova/Manowar/Billy Rankin/Snowy White/38 Special
- **No 62 Genesis cover**
  Shy/Spider/Great White/Wendy O. Williams/John Sykes
- **No 66 Japanese Heavy Metal cartoon cover**
  Michael Schenker/Barclay James Harvest/IQ/Nightwing/Pallas
- **No 67 Rush cover**
  Girlschool/Angel/Yes/Golden Earring/Rough Cutt
- **No 68 Legs Diamond/Angel cartoon cover**
  Lita Ford/Saxon/Thor, Venom photo comic strip/Accept
- **No 69 Twisted Sister cover**
  Motörhead/Scorpions/Def Leppard/Fastway/Alice Cooper/Wrathchild
- **No 72 Wendy O. Williams cover**
  Sammy Hagar/Motörhead/Grand Slam/Billy Idol/Ratt/Little Steven/Box Of Frogs/Venom
- **No 74 Jake E. Lee cover**
  16-page Donington preview/Steve Perry/Malice/Mike Oldfield
- **No 75 Bulldog Breed cartoon cover**
  The new generation of British Heavy Metal bands
- **No 78 Kiss cover, with FREE 3-D glasses**
  Venom in 3-D/Bon Jovi/Waysted/IQ/Hanoi Rocks/Frank Zappa
- **No 79 Conan cartoon cover**
  Gary Moore in 3-D/Blackfoot/John Waite/Def Leppard
- **No 80 Manowar cover**
  Hanoi Rocks in 3-D/Thrash Metal round-up/Partners in Crime
- **No 81 Deep Purple cover**
  Meat Loaf/Chateaux/Chequered Past/Huey Lewis/Big Country
- **No 82 Controversial Prince cover**
  U2/Heavy Pettin/The Alarm/Dokken/Moody Blues/Deep Purple
- **No 83 Metallica cover**
  Iron Maiden/Marillion/Phil Mogg/Wrathchild/Twisted Sister
- **No 84 Jimmy Page world exclusive cover**
  Robin George/Francis Rossi/Krokus/Joan Jett/Kiss
- **No 85 Ratt cover**
  Judas Priest/Rejects/REO Speedwagon/Uli Roth/Scandal
- **No 86 Molly Hatchet cartoon cover**
  Airrace/Slade/Pauline Gillan/Warfare/Metallica/Foreigner
- **No 87 W.A.S.P. cover**
  Blue Cheer/Glenn Hughes/Terraplane/Toto/Ramones
- **No 88 Iron Maiden Rock In Rio cover**
  FM/Uli Roth/Meat Loaf/Robin George/Partners in Crime
- **No 89 Bryan Adams cover**
  Pat Benatar/Deep Purple/Ozzy/Accept/Phil Collins
- **No 90 Def Leppard cover**
  Giuffria/Uriah Heep/Tobruk/Judie Tzuke/Magnum
- **No 91 Raven cover**
  Warrior/Slayer/Anthrax/Keel/Tysondog/Anvil
- **No 92 Bon Jovi cover**
  Deep Purple/Mama's Boys/Slayer/Waysted/Triumph/Fiona
- **No 93 Ace Frehley cover**
  Alaska/Tormé/John Paul Jones/Marillion/John Parr
- **No 94 Gary Moore and Phil Lynott cover**
  Rogue Male/Alcatrazz/Saxon/Venom/Glenn Frey/REO
- **No 96 Scorpions cartoon cover**
  Deep Purple/Blackfoot/Warfare/Magnum/Bon Jovi
- **No 97 Phenomena cover**
  Yngwie Malmsteen/Kim Mitchell/Deep Purple/Foreigner/AC/DC
- **No 98 Ratt cover**
  Knebworth report/Malice/Heavy Pettin/Warlock/U2
- **No 99 Malice cover**
  Trash/Tygers/Motörhead/Waysted/Springsteen/World War III
- **No 100 Mötley Crüe cover**
  Sensational 76-page centenary issue. 'Nuff said!
- **No 101 Rogue Male cover**
  Cherry Bombz/Y&T/Debbie Bonham/Dio/Savage/Russ Ballard
- **No 102 W.A.S.P. cover**
  Six-page Donington Report/Gary Moore/The Damned/ ZZ Top
- **No 103 Venom cover**
  Ozzy/Vinnie Vincent/Pretty Maids/Saga/John Waite
- **No 104 Iron Maiden cover**
  John Cougar/Mötley Crüe/Little Steven/Paul Stanley pin-up
- **No 105 Roger Daltrey cover**
  Cheap Trick/The Cult/Judie Tzuke/Vandenberg/Bon Jovi pin-up
- **No 106 Aerosmith cover**
  UFO/Exodus/Joe Lynn Turner/Black 'N Blue/Dio pin-up
- **No 107 John Parr cover**
  W.A.S.P./Far Corporation/Waysted/The Alarm/Rush
- **No 108 Twisted Sister cover**
  Asia/Heart/Hawkwind/Phil Lynott/Phantom, Rocker And Slick
- **No 109 Stryper cover**
  The Godz/Mr. Mister/Starship/Nils Lofgren/Jon Anderson
- **No 110 Van Halen cover**
  Anthrax/Aldo Nova/Cherry Bombz/Precious Metal
- **No 111 AC/DC cover**
  David Lee Roth/Marillion/ZZ Top
- **No 112 Ratt cover**
  Kiss/Raven/Phil Lynott/BOC/Readers Poll Results
- **No 113 Mötley Crüe cover**
  Iron Maiden/Ratt/Fastway/Pallas/AC/DC/Ozzy centrespread
- **Extra Kerrang! No 2**
  Motörhead/ELP/Deep Purple/Def Leppard/Ratt/Whitesnake
- **Extra Kerrang! No 3**
  ZZ Top/Grand Funk Railroad/Roger Dean/Bob Ezrin/Gun Club
- **Extra Kerrang! No 4**
  Rik Mayall/Motörhead/Steve Marriott/Jim Dandy/Pink Fairies
- **Extra Kerrang! No 5**
  Madam X/Whitesnake/Free/Triumph/Queensrÿche/Lita Ford
- **Extra Kerrang! No 7**
  Black Oak Arkansas/Gary Glitter/Bon Jovi/Scorpions
- **Extra Kerrang! No 8**
  Kerrang! Kerristmas Kwizz/Ratt/Lita Ford/AC/DC
- **Mega Metal No 1 Metallica cover**
  Warlock/Motörhead/Slayer/Exodus/Randy Rhoads

PLEASE SEND me the following back issues of* Kerrang! *(Indicate issue numbers and quantity required.) .....

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

I ENCLOSE £ ..... ***$*** .....

SIGNATURE ..... ***DATE*** .....

Charge cards (please circle): Access, American Express, Diners Club, Visa

My card number is: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

VIRGIN SOLDIERS

"We write our material the way John Cleese writes 'Fawlty Towers'," sez VIRGINIA WOLF guitarist NICK BOLD, though DEREK OLIVER reckons this new 'sharp, melodic hard rock' band are anything but a joke

IF BAMBER GASCOIGNE, the red-haired twat on 'University Challenge' (Xavier Russell's favourite TV show!), ever asked me what my starter for ten is, I'd be a liar if I didn't give my answer as Virginia Wolf.

Peddling a marketable brand of melodic rock, very ambitiously crafted I might add, this young quartet from Manchester town look easily set (and I'll put money on this one) to claim *numero uno* position in next year's 'Best New Band' category of the *Kerrang!* readers' poll with the kind of ease and authority that Warlock managed in the last (another Oliver discovery). Rarely does a band so young emerge from the unknown with the authority and identity of Virginia Wolf. It's that plain, *that* simple.

The VW sound is crafted from the very best of everything I can possibly think of. Legs of Bad Company, arms of Zeppelin, the body of Foreigner and a brain containing the best bits of Go West, Paul Young and John Parr; sharp, melodic hard rock butt-blessed and sun-kissed with the rootsy credibility that only British bands seem to capture.

And then there's the vocals of Chris Ousey, like none you've every heard before or, for that matter, will hear again. Simply unique. The man is without doubt the best British vocalist since Paul Rodgers *(I thought he was still going-Ed)* because he doesn't sound even vaguely like anyone, anywhere. It's a hard voice to describe, too – bits of blues, Lou Gramm-deep, a range like Perry (Steve), a warble *à la* Plant perhaps. . . like I say, really quite unclassifiable!

"WITHOUT WISHING to sound in any way big-headed, we *do* want to become a very big band – the sort of band who everyone goes to see. The Who, the Stones, Led Zeppelin, that's the kind of level I would like to see us reach."

Chris Ousey speaks with the voice of a man on the verge of proving everything he either has or is about to say. He's a natural leader and a strangely confident young man, but having heard the album ('Virginia Wolf', reviewed page 26) which he later defends with the utmost conviction, I can easily see the reasoning behind his obvious belief. . .

Formed a good few moons ago, the band initially stabilised as a writing duo consisting of Ousey and guitar man Nick Bold. They cast forth demos to various oddballs in the business, the first inkling of attention coming *via* publishers *Chappell Music* who signed the boys after recognising the strength of their songs. Armed with high class demo time, they began recording with Genesis guitarist Mike Rutherford, going on to secure a deal with label giants *Atlantic Records.*

"We did it back to front," quips Nick. "Once we had the deal we started looking for a producer. Roger Taylor (sticksman with Queen) was available and we went to *Musicland Studios* in Munich to try him out. He was great and the sound we've got is unreal."

However, they did encounter some problems when it became obvious that the rest of the band weren't able to meet the required level of technical sophistication; the rhythm duo duly split and a temporary halt ensued. Switching to Pete Townshend's *Eel Pie Studios* in London, Chris and Nick (on the advice of Roger Taylor) called up drummer Jason Bonham to lend a hand, and for the latter – having just crawled out of the wreckage left by the Airrace (Mk1) crash – Virginia Wolf's similar melodic sound proved an ideal outlet.

"I came down just to help out," exclaims Jason, waving his arms in the air, "but suddenly found myself involved with a brilliant project! I loved the material and before long it dawned on all of us that I had actually *joined.* It was a relief in a way."

THE LAST time I met Jason his services were being chased by all an' sundry (including Ozzy Osbourne) and he was being subjected to a plethora of Zeppelin reformation stories. But the Virginia Wolf project has taken precedence over everything, providing a path back to active duty after the Airrace split. . .

"Airrace was a great band, but personalities – and I mean that some people were putting a spanner in the works – ruined the whole thing. I learnt a hell of a lot and I'm really surprised that some of the other guys haven't moved on to different things." (Well actually Jason some *have,* but I'm sworn to secrecy. Rest assured, *Kerrang!* readers will be the first to know!).

With the addition of bassist Jo Burt (one-time member of Tom Robinson's Sector 27), Virginia Wolf completed the LP in Ibiza and, following its worldwide release (February 10), are looking forward to their first live gigs supporting the Firm in America.

"I think it's essential that we don't become a faceless rock act," states Chris, and well-chosen words they are. "Our music is intense and emotional and to deliver it with anything less than total dedication would be wasting our time.

"IT'S VERY British sounding," he continues, "but we've learnt how to craft our songs, taking the music to a peak like the Americans do, yet leaving the classical British sound to add an extra dimension. I wouldn't accept that it's bland at all."

This is an age-old problem for anyone, I know, but because your songs are of such a high standard are you afraid of drying up when you begin to write the next album?

"I don't think it'll be a problem," says Nick. "We take a lot of care and time in writing and many of our songs are rejected even before they're demoed. A good analogy is with the way John Cleese writes 'Fawlty Towers' – one episode for him is the culmination of many weeks of intense work, with attention shown to the finest detail. Well, that's how we work too, spending a long time on each song until it's perfect in every sense."

What if the LP flopped?

"That is of course the unknown factor," says Chris, "but I think we've worked on this project hard enough to realise that if it doesn't work out it won't be down to us or our music. We've engaged solid back-up, we'll be touring in a market where we should appeal and our attitude is totally professional. This'll probably sound very boring, but our music *does* come first."

Here's a pat on the back to start with lads. Good luck.

VIRGINIA WOLF (l-r): Chris Ousey, Jason Bonham, Jo Burt, Nick Bold

CATCH A FALLING STAR

After a long period of uncertainty when the future of the band seemed seriously in doubt, BLACK SABBATH return with a new album 'Seventh Star'. . . and a vastly different line-up! MALCOLM DOME travels to Los Angeles for a (Black arts) counsel with original member TONY IOMMI and new recruit GLENN HUGHES, both determined to restore lost pride to a klassik name.

BLACK SABBATH (l-r): Geoff Nichols, Eric Singer, Tony Iommi, Glenn Hughes and Dave 'The Beast' Spitz

Pic Ross Halfin

A BRIEF HISTORECTOMY OF THE WORLD AS A WHORE

TALKING WITH the dead can be a fruitless exercise. The very notion of a coffin conversation is enough to send paroxysms of dementia down most '9 to 5' spines.

'Woa, Mama, I've got the brain damage blues and I ain't gettin' through to yoooo'

Somewhere between the dirty needle of addiction and the straining grind of industrial Britain, Black Sabbath in their earliest incarnation broke out from the incarceration of those '9 to 5' spines and provided a generation too hung over to be hung up, too inarticulate to be lost and too concerned about the breadline to worry over comfortable notions such as third-form public school revolutions with their own sound-track.

Black Sabbath may not have been as subversive as the Stones nor as perverse as the Velvet Underground, but the four working class lads from Birmingham gave those who were forced to deal with the realities of the factory floor rather than the romance of the street, communion with the smell of rock 'n' roll. This was music for those who didn't have the finance or background to spend nights bopping in dayglo discos sipping through expensive straws and sucking up the sounds of creedence-card poppism.

Sure, the Sabs' music had the smell of formaldehyde and the creak of *rigor mortis*, but the devilry was merely a simile understood by the band's audience as an expression of escapism totally in key with their desire for an intensely physical, manly music that belched out the reality of the chimneystacks and the steel girders. Satan was a court jester who stood his round at the bar.

Sabbath songs were ponderous, slow, unfussy and hardly coiffeured, but that was always the *point*. They mirrored a way of life that revolved around the pub, the soccer ground and outmoded industrialism. If the quartet didn't drip on you it was because the songs were never *meant* for you.

Yet one can only go for so long dressing up riffs in a scarcely washed pair of ragged jeans and dole queue shuffles. Sabbath sniffed the tincture of no return around the time of 'Technical Ecstacy' (1976) when, ironically just as punk rock began to re-introduce the concept of minimalism upon which Black Boy music had been erected, it became obvious that the classic incarnation had run its course.

Phase II saw Ronnie James Dio replace Ozzy Osbourne as the band began to explore hitherto hidden depths of structure and dexterity. Suddenly, Sabbath had a new lease of life, but, in retrospect, it was merely a stepping stone into the Eighties and the liaison could never have lasted longer than its three-album span.

Phase III got off to a false start when Ian Gillan joined in the act and the 'Born Again' LP emerged; a succession of personnel upheavals then came very close to finishing the name 'Black Sabbath' permanently.

But, in the midst of uncertainty, the band have now come riding out of the mist with an auspicious album titled 'Seventh Star', an awesome work, perhaps the most *complete* in the group's long history. Clearly this is a landmark release.

The band, now a fully-fledged quintet, currently goes under the handle of 'Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi', the guitarist being the only founder-member left. The name says it all – it is the moustachioed, jovial Midlander who now has the task of guiding the Sabs into a new, enlightened era.

There's little doubt that Iommi defined a particular, misleadingly basic style of finger-picking in the early days of Black Sabbath. The sustained psycho graze of 'Electric Funeral', the crematorial growl of 'Black Sabbath', the buzz and fuzz of 'Paranoid', all bore a tonal simplicity deriving from the *needs* of Sabbath rather than any lack of breadth in the Iommi style. With the introduction of Dio, the guitarist began to stretch his approach and explore new directions, but it's with 'Seventh Star' that he's really come into his own as a world-class performer. I raved until the saliva ran down my *Bic* in the recent review of the LP (issue 112), so now it's time to stop the drool, clean up the mess and get going with some cool, cool facts . . .

TIME FOR BOLD TIMES

SITTING IN comfort at the Los Angeles offices of *Jet Management*, who handle affairs for the Sabs, Iommi dug his eager appetite into a bag of beer nuts ("I love 'em") and sank a couple of bottles of beer ("I'm not an alcoholic, honest!") whilst casting his experienced gaze back into the past and forward across the coming months.

So, let's start with the story of David Donato. As avid readers of this magazine might well recall, the man was cited way back in *Mayhem* issue 70 as The Voice to lead the band out of the Gillan shadow and into the dawn. This was rapidly followed by a major interview/photo session three issues later, reaffirming the Italian Stallion's position, only for an announcement to appear in *Mayhem* issue 79 to the effect that he was, er, unsuitable.

"The whole Donato incident was rather confusing," explained Iommi. "You see, he was never actually *confirmed* as being in the line-up, but when we did the photos and interview it was a case of circumstances conspiring to give the impression that he *was*. We were guilty of going with the flow of events because that seemed the easiest thing to do.

"When it was made public at the time that Black Sabbath were looking for a new vocalist we did get a deluge of tapes from young hopefuls, most of whom sounded like they had Satanic tattoos or something! *None* were suitable. I'm sure there were a lot of good singers out there put off from applying because they didn't have the confidence in themselves to give it a shot. I was particularly keen to get an unknown, but it wasn't to be."

The situation becomes rather confusing, though, when you consider that 'Seventh Star' began its recording life as Iommi's *solo* project and *not* a new Sabbath album. The roots of this seem to lie embedded in an attempt to get the classic line-up of Ozzy, Iommi, Geezer Butler (bass) and Bill Ward (drums) back into action, as outlined by the guitarist . . .

"Quite a time before the Live Aid get-together, the four of us did meet up in San Diego at the *Hilton Hotel* to discuss the prospects of a reunion. It was supposed to be top secret but everybody in town seemed to know what was happening. I have to be honest and say that financially we'd all have made a fat killing from going along with the idea and we did try and work out a possible way to do it. But the atmosphere wasn't right and the band would have been trying it out purely for the money so it was decided to can the whole thing.

"However, whilst we were still considering the reformation, Ozzy said that he had to do another solo album ('The Ultimate Sin') and asked us to wait whilst he got it out of the way and not to get back together without him. We agreed, but as time wore on and the recording schedule for Ozzy began to get longer, the three of us were left just kicking our heels doing nothing. So Geezer opted to do his own thing (the Geezer Butler Band, which has now become permanent) and I thought to myself that I might as well give it a shot as well."

THUS, IOMMI collected together some rather hot and gushing material, hired producer Jeff Glixman and, alongside Lita Ford band members Gordon Copley (bass) and Eric Singer (drums) plus hardy Sabs perennial Geoff Nichols (keyboards), laid down the basic instrumental tracks at *Cheshire Sound Studios* in Atlanta.

"Lita was just beginning work on her latest album (still being recorded with producer Chas Sandford) and had no intention of using Eric, so she loaned him to me. Gordon had plenty of spare time and so he was brought in as well. As for Geoff, well, he seemed the logical choice considering our longstanding relationship in Sabbath."

This instrumental line-up is responsible for one cut on the final album, namely the quite breathtaking ballad 'No Stranger To Love', just released as the US single (on *Warner Brothers*). However, it didn't last too long . . .

"Lita had to go to Hawaii and wanted Gordon to go with her, so I was left looking for a replacement. It was Jeff who came up with the idea of Dave 'The Beast' Spitz who at the time was in a New York band called White Lion (trivia fiends might well be interested to note that he was recruited by this particular band in succession to ex-Angel bassist Felix Robinson) and he's worked out magnificently."

To maintain a chronological perspective, Iommi had all the basic tracks ("plus one vocal performance") laid down by the time that Live Aid occurred. So let's side-step in sharp-mannered fashion to the Geldof-inspired extravaganza and the actual (possibly final) reunion of the Ozzy/Iommi/Butler/Ward ensemble.

"The event itself was fantastic," accepted Iommi. "But for us it was awful. We were the first *loud* band to play in Philadelphia and we obviously had to use the same PA set-up as everybody else, yet it had been levelled out to the requirements of performers like Billy Ocean; it was completely wrong for us. I'd rather forget the whole thing from a personal perspective."

Maybe it was this trial run-through of a reunion or possibly other factors, but the last stake now seems to have been slammed down fist-hard into the writhing corpse of the long-term get-together. As Iommi admitted, "circumstances might change my mind in the future, but right now I can't see us *ever* trying it out."

Back in Atlanta, the left-handed finger-popper at last found the missing link for his blossoming album, namely Glenn Hughes, a man possessed of one of the richest and most essential voices in the rock world.

"I was very happy to get Glenn because he has such a great voice," proclaimed Iommi.

KONTINUES PAGE 43

Pic Ross Halfin

CATCH

FROM PAGE 41

"Ronnie (James Dio) had this tendency to go into his shell . . . because he is very conscious of his height. Our road crew would constantly jibe at him during soundchecks and one of their favourite tricks was to put down a box in front of the mike for him to stand on!"

CERTAINLY, IF judged on his enormous contribution to 'Seventh Star', Hughes can already lay claim to being the finest vocalist Iommi has yet worked with – Ozzy, Dio, Gillan, *etc* notwithstanding. Indeed, his performance on the US seven inch single version of 'No Stranger To Love', plumed as it is with some momentous, clasping harmony lines, will stand in years to come as one of *the* classic rock endeavours during the Eighties. (Of course, Ozzy *aficionados* might recall that Hughes was briefly linked with the first incarnation of the Blizzard Of Ozz).

Hughes himself, however,is acutely aware that whilst his talent has never been in doubt, his personality still remains an enigma few can fathom. Incidents involving various 'substances' over the years have handcuffed him to a rather foreboding reputation, the climax coming last year when a brief liaison with Gary Moore ended amidst intense vitriol from the Irish guitarist.

"I don't want to dwell on the whole Gary Moore affair," explained Hughes at *Jet*, later the same afternoon. "Enough has already been said. Let's just say that it was a very unfortunate experience.

"To me this Sabbath job is a fabulous challenge. I know how bad my reputation is within the business but, honestly, I'm not as awful as I've been made out. The trouble is, certain incidents from my days with Deep Purple still haunt me. I realise that this opportunity with Black Sabbath may well be my last chance to prove what I can do and I'm making every effort to grasp it with both hands.

"I've cleaned myself up, I've lost weight and I'm determined to stay on the rails. Of course, I have to take things from day-to-day, it can't be any other way, but I believe that I'm strong enough to carry this through. I have a contract with Sabbath that allows me to keep the position of vocalist for years to come and it's nice to know that I'm trusted again.

"Ideally, I'd like to do a second Sabs album and then take a break to do a solo project. But whatever happens I think you'll find me singing on at least *three* Sabbath LPs."

For Hughes, the key problem out on the road will be to convince hardcore Sabbath disciples that he has the oozing style necessary to occupy a throne still aflame with the spectre of Ozzy, whilst remaining an individual looking forward, not haunted by the past. So will he be an ingot or ignored?

"What I have to learn is the art of menace. It's no good singing about Satan with a warmth in your voice, it has to *convince*. This is the most demonic gig in the world and I'm only now (a few weeks into rehearsals) getting to grips with the requirements.

"My other major hurdle is that this will be the first time *ever* that I've gone onstage as a lead vocalist without a bass strapped to me. So I'm having to acquire the necessary skills to cope without that instrumental prop. It was very strange at first, but now I'm getting into my stride."

STAR GAZING

THERE IS little doubt that if Hughes can hold himself together both mentally and physically then this could prove a most potent line-up. The tour begins Stateside on March 13 in Minneapolis and is likely to swing over here during May/June. The band, headlining a three-act package in the US, will play a set of about 75 minutes in length (including a medley of old material that might feature songs from previous albums hitherto overlooked) from within the confines of an 'industry through the ages' setting that promises to be rather more successful than the 'Stonehenge' environment (mis) created for the 'Born Again' tour.

"That was a disaster," Iommi smiled with rueful retrospection. "In fact, we built such a large stage set that it was probably bigger than the *real* Stonehenge and couldn't be fitted into any of the halls! It was 'Spinal Tap' in reverse! Overall, I'd rather forget all about 'Born Again'; *everything* about it was terrible, and needless to say none of the material on the album is to be included in the new show.

"Part of the problem was that Ian Gillan and Bev Bevan (of ELO fame, who stepped into the touring breach when Bill Ward was forced out due to ill health) had achieved so much in the past that, although both are very talented, they lacked the hungry edge I personally felt was required. Consequently, there was little enthusiasm in the band at that point, but with this current line-up the freshness is back.

"Glenn obviously has something to prove and both Dave and Eric are really champing at the bit, raring to get going and make names for themselves. This is great for me because they've rejuvenated my feelings towards Sabbath. I haven't felt so great in years and I can't wait to get back onstage."

For Iommi, 'Seventh Star' is a milestone album. Not only has he succeeded in crafting one of the finest rock records I've heard in recent times, but he's displayed – arguably for the very first time – a range, activity and control as a guitarist few believed he possessed.

Moreover, he gives the impression that *he* is now in control of Sabbath's destiny, having emerged from the longhorn shadows of (in particular) these famed steeds Ozzy and Dio. And he's clearly growing into this responsibility with scarcely disguised glee.

"Yeah, this is my band and I will decide how things develop. Mind you, in the very early days I *was* always the one who made the decisions, but I gave up eventually because of all the stick I got from the rest of the band. I took the easy way out and Sabbath became a democracy, but the problem then was that no-one took charge and as a result everything fell apart.

"Any band must have someone in authority to organise, cajole and if necessary admonish. Without such a figure, you don't stand a chance of keeping the act together when faced with the intense pressures all major rock bands have to deal with.

"When Ronnie James Dio was in Sabbath I encouraged him to come to the fore and act as our spokesman in order to give him the confidence he needed to take Ozzy's place. At first, Ronnie had this tendency to go into his shell not only because of the tremendous task he faced replacing such a character as Ozzy but also because he is very conscious of his height!

"Our road crew would constantly jibe at him during soundchecks and one of their favourite tricks was to put down a box in front of the mike for him to stand on! Ronnie reacted badly to this sort of joke and as a consequence needed me to boost his morale by showing him in public what an important member of this band he was. Hence, he became the central figure.

"Now, though, I've realised that it's up to me to take charge, and whilst I'm very happy with the band as it stands, nonetheless there are no illusions: Black Sabbath is now under *my* guidance."

IT MIGHT be rather interesting for hair-palmed historians to note that this is arguably the most unheralded bunch to stand solid under the umbrella of Black Sabbath since . . . well, since Ozzy, Iommi, Butler and Ward first gang-banged a tart called Rock 'N' Roll and discovered that 'LUST' could be spelt 'METAL'. In the past, departing Sabs members have always been succeeded by those of at least equal stature. Indeed, were it not for a slight squint from the glistening eye of Madam Fate, then Cozy Powell and David Coverdale would have replaced Vinnie Appice and Ronnie James Dio respectively in '83 and we'd currently be talking about the latest *Blacksnake* project, but that's another saga altogether.

The point is that Sabbath consistently tried to maintain a star cluster within the ranks, but now the question has to be asked: is there a place for such a new, experimental line-up calling itself Black Sabbath in the modern age?

There are many who believe that BS ought to have been cremated after Live Aid and that Iommi should have pronounced himself ready to consummate a solo career.

The man's opinion, however, is that, "I've always been in Black Sabbath and always want to remain in this band. This is my life."

But, in reality, what's in a name? Surely the music should be the sole criterion by which to judge a project?! Tony Iommi, under whatever guise, has conjured up a gleaming new epoch for himself, and I couldn't care if he'd called this band Lava Flow & The Flaming Volcanos; it would still be a project and album to which I'd commit my type-smitten ribbon in hermetically sealed support.

THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

Texan whizzkid CHARLIE SEXTON releases his debut album, 'Pictures For Pleasure', onto an unsuspecting world. DAVE STETSON, sorry DICKSON, is dispatched to ask the vital question: 'Charlie *who*'?!!?

FOR THOSE of you with TV sets smart enough to possess the *Teletext* service and keen enough to have keyed in the week after Charlie Sexton made his UK TV debut on 'The Tube', you'll have been greeted with an eyeful of info concerning young Mr Sexton. The compilers of *Channel 4*'s 'Four O'Clock Rock' get to ask questions like *'Do you get messy when you eat spaghetti?'* This is the kind of questioning that must have come as a great relief to Charlie as he sat, ghoul-like and rivetted, in his London hotel bar while we hacks streamed in and streamed out again. This is the kind of question I long to be able to put, but we *serious* music journalists are rather more constrained in our enquiries.

I mean, what can you ask a kid of 17 other than: Who are you? Where do you come from? What have you done and what are you going to do? And when you have to face an endless barrage of this monotonous (but, sadly, necessary) questioning, don't you think an approach like: *'Do you get messy when you eat spaghetti?'* would come as a Godsend? But I don't get to ask stuff like that, oh no.

Pic Fin Costello

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE: 'I got my first guitar when I was four'

CHARLIE SEXTON looks pale and drawn, with boredom shifting uneasily behind his eyes. He is courteous, polite and professional. He's played guitar since he was four, been in bands since he was 11, and performed with Bob Dylan, the Stones and Joe Ely (big in Texas with C&W rockabilly fans) amongst others. He persuaded Keith Forsey to produce (and co-write some of) his debut album, 'Pictures For Pleasure', and looks set to become very, very successful and very, very rich. I say this with only a very few reservations; the kid has, after all, got what it takes, it just needs a little refining.

That's the bare bones, we're here to flesh out the skeleton; so no interesting questions this time around, just dumb-ass ones. Forgive me, but that's the way it goes sometimes.

The Charlie Sexton story goes something like this:

"I got my first guitar when I was four, and I dragged it around for a few years. I started playing when I was nine, *seriously* that is, and when I was 11 I started playing publicly. I sort of got a reputation as a guitar player and then when I was 13 I got a tour with Joe Ely and after that I got my own band together and toured with the Clash. Then I got signed to *MCA* and started writing my own stuff . . . and that's basically it."

And, basically, that *is* it. I mean, just how much can *anyone* have done at 17?

Much as I tried to pierce the carefully constructed armour surrounding Charlie Sexton, I came away, in a sense, disappointed and in another way relieved. He really does seem quite genuine. Someone who cares about his music, who wants to get on but on his own terms. He gave me a pretty filthy look when I suggested that maybe he wasn't *really* 17 at all, and firmly dismissed my advice that he should get his wild straggle of jet black hair cut in order to appeal to the housewives and little girls. I liked him a lot more after that.

Another point worth mentioning is that there's an awful lot of money riding on this boy and his record company are plugging him to the hilt (hence no less than TWO TV slots while he was here!). My spies inform me that a goodly proportion of *MCA*'s budget for '86 has shifted from Nik Kershaw to Charlie Sexton. Not an unwise move in my judgement but try explaining to your little sister why there'll be no more Nik Kershaw product this year. But back to the interview.

DO YOU come from a musical family?

"A music *loving* family," specifies Charlie, "they're not actually musicians. My parents were always playing Stones records and I sort of dug it and got a guitar for Christmas and started playing along . . . this is very natural to me," he states, meaning playing rock 'n' roll, being on TV, being interviewed. This early introduction to the works of the Glimmer Twins occurred in Austin, Texas, a part of the world more usually associated with rednecks and Country & Western. So how come Charlie gets off on the Stones, Bowie and the Sex Pistols?!

"Austin's probably the least 'rootsy' city in Texas; it's got more punk bands, new wave bands and blues, it's like the LA or New York of Texas. But I know all that Texas s**t, I've done it all before, and I've done the serious punk thing and the rockabilly punk thing before everybody else was . . . but I wanted to do something of my *own*. I wanted to achieve my own sound instead of just repeating the past."

You see how easy it is to like this guy? To this end, Charlie foisted his demos onto Keith Forsey *via* original mentor/producer Liam Sternberg and then guitarist Mick Ronson (David Bowie, Ian Hunter, Ellen Foley, *etc, etc.*)

"The original producer for the record *was* Mick Ronson but it didn't work out as good as we'd hoped it would so I went for someone totally different – and Keith was there."

I would have thought that was something of a risk, a big name producer taking on a total unknown?

"Yeah, but that's the way Keith looks at it. He doesn't do it for the money; when I wanted him to produce my record Foreigner were offering him $300,000 to do theirs, but he didn't take it because he's just not into that."

THE RESULTING album, 'Pictures For Pleasure' (reviewed last issue), is a satisfying product that Charlie is, naturally enough, very proud of. It contains two or three sure-fire hits ('Beat's So Lonely', already released as a single, 'Impressed' and 'Hold Me'), but overall scores higher on *potential* than *delivery*. Which in a way is good because I'd hate to feel that at the tender age of 17 we'd already seen the best that Charlie has to offer.

No, this boy obviously has a reserve of unexploited talent, a rich vein that we should see being continuously plundered for many years to come. He's got the talent, for sure, he's got the looks, for definite, he plays a mean, mean guitar, and if he doesn't want to get his hair cut, too bad!

BY GEORGE! MFN HAVE FINALLY GOT IT!

ANTHRAX

"SPREADING THE DISEASE" MFN 62

OUT NOW ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

KOMPLETE KONTROL

OZZY OSBOURNE/RATT
Hammersmith Odeon, London

THE ENIGMA that is Ozzy Osbourne is a strange one indeed. To his devoted army of fans he's regarded with almost God-like adulation, and to the press his 'outrageous' exploits are big news – it seems that he's forever in the limelight.

Quite why this situation exists is rather odd. He's not been blessed with a particularly good voice, his stage movements are clumsy and his *"let's go f**king crazy"* raps are more predictable than the speaking clock. He's a kind of Co-Co the Clown with *Marshall* amplification, but the bond of mutual admiration between Ozzy and his audience is quite touching.

From the moment he hit the stage, *Hammersmith* was transformed into a cauldron of hot, sweaty excitement. 'Bark At The Moon' was a fine opener, with guitarist Jake E. Lee letting rip from the hip, covered in more hair than even David Coverdale could dream of!

New boys Randy Castillo (drums) and Phil Soussan (bass) were lapping up the occasion, and proving themselves a dynamic rhythm section as they powered through second number 'Suicide Solution'.

Everything was going well until they chose to play 'Never Know Why'. *Ugggh.* Like most of the new material aired, it's a vacuous nothing of a song, featuring the sort of rampant *clichés* best left to Ronnie James Dio. Throughout it all, Ozzy's command of the audience was complete, enticing them to sway and wave peace-signs to their hearts' content.

Current single 'Shot In The Dark' slotted in nicely between 'Mr Crowley' and 'I Don't Know', illustrating that although 'The Ultimate Sin' may sound inadequate in the confines of the living room, nonetheless the new album *does* indeed have its moments. Ozzy evidently believes in it completely, featuring no less than six new numbers tonight.

Old favourites weren't forgotten, though, and it was pleasing to see Jake proving that he's no poor man's Randy Rhoads on 'Flying High Again'. The man's playing has improved immensely and he now holds the show together with admirable ease.

The band then ripped through the title track of the new LP, a powerful number revolving around a rather tedious chorus, and headed for the home straight. 'Iron Man' was a pointless relic from days long gone and then six thousand armpits were unveiled to the sky as 'Paranoid' was wheeled out as the encore.

"ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME?" hollered Ozzy. I wasn't too sure, but there was no arguing with the roar of approval that answered him. DAVE LING

LOOK, I realise I'm not going to be making many friends with this review, but someone has just got to stand up and say it: Ratt aren't half the band they're made out to be.

Oh sure, I have listened intently to their 'Invasion Of Your Privacy' album and watched them closely onstage, but I really can't see what all the fuss is about . . . can *you?* I mean, they're just so goddamn average it's unbelievable!

So here they are in England, with hype oozing out of every orifice, and here I am at *Hammersmith*, determined to give them one more chance and hoping (believe me!) to like them.

They burst onstage with a big, BIG sound which pins you to the mixing desk and slaps you around the chops, and then . . . *nothing*; just mind-blowing mediocrity.

The songs are merely ordinary hard rock toons and the delivery? Well, vocalist Stephen Pearcy may look good but he has the live charisma of a paralysed snail . . . and come to think of it, he sings a bit like one too.

Pearcy apart, however, the rest of Ratt are extremely competent; guitarists Robbin Crosby and Warren De Martini show that they can play a bit throughout the course of the show (despite two totally unnecessary, unaccompanied lead solos that Eddie Van Halen could have played with his plonker), Bobby Blotzer is a solid rock drummer (let's forget his pointless solo shall we?) and bassist Juan Croucier (undoubtedly the star of the show – the man's a gem!) is always interesting to watch.

Even so, to put this band in the same class as the almighty Aerosmith is like placing *Skoda* in the same league as *Rolls Royce.*

So what is it that makes normal, sane people (like Doom) go ga-ga over Ratt? For the life of me, I really don't know.

MARK PUTTERFORD

PALLAS
Mayfair, Glasgow

HOLD THE presses, this could be the Big One. At long last a heavy rock band who sound as though they're living in the '80's!

No bout adout it, Pallas' new LP 'The Wedge' is, as they say in the trade, one of the finest records to have been born this decade. And what's more, it's finally separated them completely from the awfully useless and thankfully abandoned Prog Rock movement.

They've moved ahead and developed into an uncompromising machine with no limitations and, indeed, no direct influences. From electro-funk to Celtic traditionalism, Pallas combine and coerce an endless array of bright sounds in a way that I truly believe will lead them to ultimate triumph.

Walking into the warmth of the concert hall I am afraid of just one thing. 'The Wedge' is a tremendously complex animal beset with awkward time changes, unexpected twiddly bits and powered by incredibly angry guitar playing. On vinyl this is a relatively easy task to achieve, but how on earth are they going to deliver it live? Sod it! I've done with worrying, so let's grab a viable perch and find out.

Thankfully, there's little to worry about. Pallas are in control from the minute they walk onto the stage. On the left, taking the higher-pitched vocals and playing a rigorously controlled twin-neck bass guitar throughout the set, is Graeme Murray, while the central focal point is occupied by Alan Reed, the latter's taste for showmanship taking nothing away from his superb vocals, which are a perfect foil to Murray's higher register.

The best vocal team since Hughes and Coverdale? Oh sure.

And there's more. Guitar player/whizzkid Niall Mathewson kicks up a storm, while Ronnie Brown's ivory towers are pushed, tapped and programmed to incredible limits, as indeed is Derek Forman's syn-drum rig (his regular skins are saved for much of the older material).

Most of 'The Wedge' album is played, together with a revamped selection of earlier material from 'The Sentinel' LP. Within a whole set of simmering gems, there's the double thrill of 'The Executioner', with Reed wringing a sob from the hardest heart and Mathewson switching to a black *Les Paul* and thrashing it to peaks of frenzied discord, and the impassioned 'Just A Memory', founded on a funereal yet uplifting beat from the rhythm section.

On this one Reed's bitter vocal edge and Ronnie Brown's technological wizardry add a constant ethereal wail to an extraordinary masterpiece of modern production. When the guitar joins in the crescendo at the end, Nirvana is attained. Mind-blowing!

Those noble songs were surrounded by other delights, amongst them the single 'Throwing Stones At The Wind', as well as 'Dance Through Fire' and 'Rat Racing'.

Encoring to a particularly enthusiastic reception from the Glasgow throng, they ended with an extended workout of their heaviest *ever* song 'Arrive Alive', bouncing back with a mega-mammoth 'Atlantis'.

Pallas are great – muscular, varied, unquenchable – and destined to reach a level of success far in excess of what most would have you believe.

DEREK OLIVER

WILD STRAWBERRIES
Marquee, London

THEY ARE apparently the biggest concert draw in Yugoslavia and their three albums have sold over a million units there. But, Yugoslavia not being a major world power in rock terms, that puts them in the position of being, as a colleague put it, a big fish in a small pond.

Wild Strawberries are now looking for richer, juicier pickings, making their bid to enter the 'big league' by recording an album (their first for *Logo Records*) in England, with English lyrics and production by Kit Woolven (Thin Lizzy, Magnum), and doing something of a 'showcase' with their London debut at the *Marquee.*

As David Coleman might say of a pack of unknown athletes sprinting past the likes of Coe and Cram with a lap still to go, they've gone too soon, over-confident of their abilities and underestimating perhaps both the quality of the competition and the height of the hurdles.

Even making allowances for the language problem – very few song introductions and little communication in the often lengthy gaps between numbers – the presentation was quite amateurish compared to any number of bands even on the lower rungs of the ladder.

The vocalist *does* have a strong resemblance to David Lee Roth, in both looks and sound, but at times over-played it to the point of almost cabaret mimickry. And I'm sure that I visibly winced at each of Zele's neo-classical guitar excursions.

He, most of all, seems to exemplify the band's 'problem' of, through a degree of musical isolation, thinking of themselves as being a lot better than they really are.

Some of the rough mixes of songs from the new album I had found quite agreeable, and I'll be interested to hear the rest of it. But played live, without keyboards and extra vocal/guitar overdubs, *etc* to fill them out (as *per* the recorded versions), even the best songs came across as pale and lacking – particularly in whatever it takes to interest me enough to see them a second time.

PAUL HENDERSON

FOOTNOTE: The band have a session broadcast on *Radio One*'s 'Friday Rock Show' on March 21. They then issue a four-track 12" single through *Metal Masters* during April and hope to come back for a major tour in the Summer. The aforementioned LP, titled 'Wild Strawberries', should be out on the *Logo* label before the end of the year.

Pic Ross Halfin

RATT'S STEPHEN PEARCY: *'the live charisma of a paralysed snail . . .'*

OZZY: hand-tinting by Helena Zakrewska-Rucinska

OZZY: *'from the moment he hit the stage,* **Hammersmith** *was transformed into a cauldron of hot, sweaty excitement . . .'*

FROM PAGE 46

TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Marquee, London

WHATEVER YOUR opinions about the Tygers Of Pan Tang might be, you've got to admire their tenacity. Rising from the North-East under the flag of the NWOBHM, they managed to survive the departure of original vocalist Jess Cox, replacing him with the smoother Jon Deverill. A series of LPs followed, eventually leading to the release of an album called 'The Cage' which should have established them in a big way. However, one *Odeon*-sized tour later, they disappeared from the face of the Earth. Zilch.

Not a sausage was heard until late last year when it became obvious that they were still a going concern. They signed to *Music For Nations*, appeared on 'ECT' and now they're back at the *Marquee* once more . . .

To be honest, the Tygers '86-style aren't significantly different from the band of old. Two long-serving members remain – Deverill and drummer Brian 'Big' Dick – plus some new talent and a crop of numbers from 'The Cage'. Ex-Waysted guitarist Neil Shepherd fits in nicely and adds some deft touches to material from the recent 'Living In The Wreck-Age' LP, notably on the title track and 'Desert Of No Love'.

There's a more prominent use of keyboards these days too, emphasising the group's sense of melody and suggesting that the new-look Tygers would secretly like to have been born in America. Their choruses are memorable and sit neatly alongside such pop/Metal gems as 'Paris By Air', 'Tides' and their biggest hit to date, the cover of 'Love Potion Number Nine'.

In a world increasingly populated by bands who desire to play nothing more or less than Heavy Metal, the Tygers Of Pan Tang's sense of commerciality is to be commended. They may not be completely original and it's difficult to see them scaling the heights a second time, but they're still capable of providing a good night's entertainment.

DAVE LING

GEOFF MANN & THE BOND
Marquee, London

THE MUSIC aside for a moment, this was one of those gigs that I really dislike, *ie.* where everybody but me seems to know all the songs, seems familiar with the patter and the in-jokes and seems to have an almost innate understanding of what's going on. It felt a bit like having stumbled, uninvited, into a private party where a band are playing to old mates.

I also hated being preached to by a group of people – Geoff Mann in particular as he was the 'spokesperson' – who appear to be convinced that the 'key to life' has been imparted to them through divine providence. There they stood, 'telling it how it is' to a crowd of mainly sycophantic followers, who were only too keen to spend the evening a-clappin' an' a-hollerin' at every tuneless outpouring, dumb, unfunny joke or "God loves you" line of between-numbers chat.

Geoff Mann, by the way, used to have something to do with Twelfth Night. But the other members of the Bond (the band) I know nothing about except that, along with Mann, they are *'A group of people committed to God, to each other and to their work. A desire to share a common experience of God through music. A hope for a genuine communication with an audience.'*

Fair do's; their religious leanings are *their* business. But as a *band* I (admittedly without God's guidance) see them as 1) a singer who can't sing 2) a drummer who confusingly varies between quite good and, well, pretty poor, and 3) a guitarist whose chording hints that, for the most part, he's playing below his capabilities and who appears to get flashes of inspiration (from above?) enabling him to whip out the occasional lick with more than a nod in the direction of the late Paul Kossoff (Free).

They have a bunch of songs, the best of which – 'For God's Sake', 'The Trumpet Call', 'Dance' – are embarrassing, simply parodies of what is more often termed 'progressive'. The worst of them – 'After The Storm', 'Somewhere Here' – can only be described as total, pretentious nonsense. (If these guys have a hot-line to big 'G', how come He hasn't given them a decent song with which to spread the word?)

Avoid this lot at all costs unless you see a bright star over the gig and Kings arriving on camels, in which case it could be worth checking out.

Ah well, I suppose that's *me* destined for an after-life 'downstairs', stoking the furnaces! PAUL HENDERSON

HAMMERSMITH HEROES

MARILLION AND FRIENDS
Hammersmith Odeon, London

IT'S ALL about charity, kid. In this case, Pete Townshend's Double 'O' Charity, set up to raise money for non-government sponsored agencies, helping them lend a hand to the modern-day afflicted; battered housewives, valium freaks, booze babys, junkies, all the people with all the anti-social problems nobody likes but nobody wants to do anything about. It's all about money to help people who really need it, but can't get that help on the *National Health*.

So. Our cause is just. Now who in hell are the 'friends' part of this deal?

Suck it and see, said the chick. I drained her glass and mine and we went inside. Thousands of fools acting like loonies and thousands of loonies making fools of themselves. Me and the chick included. Then . . . darkness. In darkness I can hear . . . MUSIC!

A classical piece I'll wager, I whispered in the chick's ear, having seen the show before (smirk). And yeah, 'The Thieving Magpie' fills the hall, the bomb finally drops at the end, the curtains swing back, and . . . here it comes! . . . It's . . . JOHN OTWAY!!

Blank looks and boorish boos. John Otway, accompanied no longer by Wild Willy Barrett, of course, but by guitarist Robin Boult. And then, just in time, John's all-time anthem to the simple pleasures of the born-again eccentric's life, 'Really Free', rescued everything and holy vibes were restored. When he topped that with his own highly personalised version of the old Bachman Turner Overdrive chestnut, 'You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet', replete with capricious guitar solo from Bad Billy Robin Boult and mad charismatic acrobatics off the drum-riser from the mainman himself, then the audience were hooked. John Otway bounded offstage at the end with the vulgar sound of loud cheers following him every step of the way.

The same – and I mean this politely – cannot be said for poor Peter Hammill. Introduced personally by Fish, amidst horribly inappropriate cries for 'Grendel' from the philistines in the audience (including the chick's mate, Babs), Peter Hammill went down like a s**t-rain at a garden party; he *died*. Accompanied by guitarist John Ellis, Hammill sang quite brilliantly – 'The Happy Hour'? I think that's what it was called – and performed, under the circumstances, with courage and astonishing verve.

He still died, though. Everybody ended up sitting down, and lots of wise-asses were yelling for Peter to F**K OFF! And then the slow hand-clapping started. Jesus, it was embarrassing!

Eventually, thank God, he left the stage, Peter Hammill and John Ellis both. A more talented, admittedly dour, composer of modern music you could not find. He died tonight, though. Ah well, he's probably used to it by now.

There followed a brief intermission. Refreshments obtained, we settled ourselves for the evening's main entertainment.

To huge, huge applause, Marillion hit the stage: Fish as graceful as a matador, twirling his exotic cape around those broad high shoulders, the band fizzing mightily on the magic intro to 'Emerald Lies'. Great arms extended, he inclines his head towards the ever-listening microphone, and begins again:

"So here I am once more . . ."

I've written that line half as many times as Fish has sung it at the *Hammersmith Odeon*, easy, and it still sends a cold chill down my crooked spine to hear him do it now.

From hereonin, it's more or less the same set they've been playing all over Britain these past four weeks. The only exception is 'Jigsaw', omitted due to the strictures of time; this is to be a *long* show.

From where I'm positioned, the sound is all beautiful, strong like poison taken in heavy sips. Drink in hand, Fish signals drummer Ian Mosley into 'Incubus' and the magic falls heavy into our waiting laps. Fish the red-light mystic cat-walking through the forbidden corners of his own heart, Steve Rothery (guitar) and Mark Kelly (keyboards) dosing the night with hidden colours.

'The Web' skips and hops and dances drunk and stout into its futuristic jig, the band meating out the climax, giving blood under the ghastly gaze of the jester, Fish away, lost in the wings, another jester's embrace repelled and remembered.

Marillion then perform 'Misplaced Childhood' in its entirety, almost certainly for the last time *ever* before a British audience, and, of course, it's dedicated, as it has been almost every night of the tour, to Phil Lynott . . .

It's an emotional run-through of the biggest deal Marillion have ever made with their God, whoever he is. *Their* masterpiece played before *their* people for the very last time. It was sad and brilliant, fitting and strange. As Fish prepares to vanish from the top of his ramp at the back of the stage at the climax of 'White Feather', a girl fan chases after him to no real avail. But she came mighty close there for a second.

"It's 13 years this month since the fall of Saigon," says Fish into his hand-mike. "And this next number is called . . ."

'Fugazi' ignites and flares and throws mad rushes of sparks and rainbows over everything in sight. The audience devours it all and spits it back at the band with loud, appreciative roars of animal delight.

Fish mumbles something about "anything can happen in the next half-hour" and out comes Mike Oldfield, his guitarist Joel, keyboard player Micky Simmons, bass player Phil Spalding and singer Roger Chapman; all there to help the Marillion gang through a screaming blue murder version of 'Shadow On The Wall'. The audience are alight, but when Steve Hackett saunters out all cool and convincing at the end of it all, *Hammersmith* has a heart attack, people writhing like f**king snakes on the floor.

It must be the number they've all started playing, Oldfield, Hackett and Marillion. Goes something like this:

"It's one o'clock and time for lunch . . .!"

YES.

'I Know What I Like' . . . And I like what I know, and what I know is this. It was great, something to see, and there we were, me and the chick, actually *there* when it happened: Marillion (with you know who) actually performing a G*n*s*s number!

HAHAHAHAHA! Up yours the rest of the dumb world. I'm just sorry you missed it.

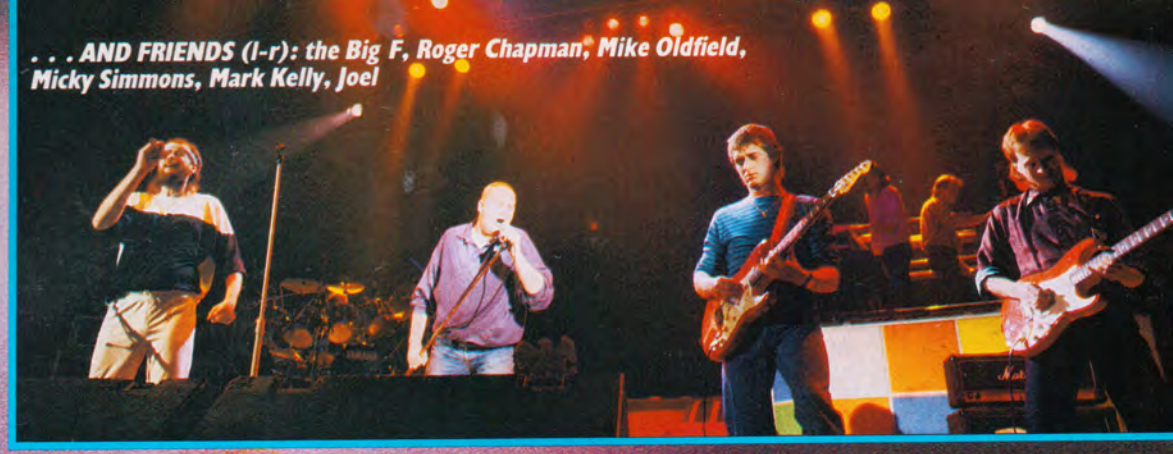
At the end of it all, Fish presented Pete Townshend with a giant-sized show-cheque for £17,000 and the band came back for 'Garden Party'. It was funny seeing so many 'big names' getting up there onstage making monkeys out of themselves just because Marillion asked them nicely.

And, like I said, it's all about charity, kid. And Marillion are big enough these days to dish it out. I wonder when we'll see them at the *Hammersmith Odeon* again?

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 51

FISH . . .



. . . AND FRIENDS (l-r): the Big F, Roger Chapman, Mike Oldfield, Micky Simmons, Mark Kelly, Joel

Pix Ray Palmer

TWISTED SISTER (l-r): Jay Jay French, Dee Snider and Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza

'What they are is a good, hard, hard-working rock 'n' roll band!'

Pix Ross Halfin

FROM PAGE 48

SOUND OF THE SUBURBS

TWISTED SISTER
Kemper Arena, Kansas City

UNTIL 'STAY Hungry', their third album, came gnashing out of the Metal womb like a set of dripping dentures, America used to ignore Twisted Sister. Or confuse them with the Pointer Sisters. And they were stuck playing Naughty-Top-40 in the kind of bars you need tetanus shots before you put a toe round the door.

Over here things were a bit better – *Marquee* headlinings, indie records and a growing cult following that led to an appearance on 'The Tube' which just happened to be watched by *Atlantic Records'* man-with-the-chequebook, and the rest, as they say, is history. Dee Snider and the Twisties are probably second only to Ozzy (and they'd doubtless arm-wrestle him over that!) as *the* household-name HMers in their homeland.

*So why the hell was the arena half-f**king-empty?* (Or to rephrase it for the positive-thinkers among the *Kerrang!* readership, *half-f**king-full*?). Why, when these degenerate East Coast dirtbags can dish it out like champs? It's their loss – they (and the others who helped put a premature end to the tour) can go hang (all lawsuits apertaining to suicides induced by this Twisted review should be addressed to Mr. Barton) because they missed a *fine* show; gloriously sleazy anthems, New York squawk, horrorshow rumblings and great theatrics. Funny how Twisted Sister seem more *real* in their theatricalness than most other US HM groups do in their seriousness! Not so perfect that they get up your nose, but magnificently slummy. Hell, I hope this is the show they bring to Britain!

The scene is a grubby, graffiti-ed tenement building. On one side there's a neon-lit diner, on the other a real live (actually dead) hulk of a fat American automobile, just right for Jay Jay to pose on. Back in the tenement, smoke comes out of the middle doorway, followed closely by the drum platform and Dee jogging into the middle of the stage, hair bouncing like a conditioner ad in Hell, white Liberace-waltzing-with-Ozzy tassels flying, looking less like the Dave Lee Roth/Mae West *foetus* of old than a perverted English sheepdog, while the eerie, menacing intro vocals to 'Come Out And Play' promise that you won't be going home *quite the same again. . .*

Then straight into 'Leader Of The Pack', as camp and serious and spot-on as the Shangri La's original; meathooked, greaseball harmonies, frantic guitar, and Dee all gesture and hand-on-heart sincerity, standing legs apart on the drum platform, emoting, while all around him sounds good, good, *good*. The band's on fine form tonight – maybe they're having to fight for the limelight now Dee's such a high-profile *personality* Stateside, maybe they've been inspired by his new-found vocal prowess, all nasty gurgles or almost-operatic-Freddie OTT-ness, or maybe they're just working harder to fill the gaps in the venue. Whatever, they all go out of their way to encourage yell-alongs, punchalongs, and singalongs.

Dee even brings some of the audience *onstage* – shining the spotlight on one girl, three guys, in the top row at the back, dragging them down, giving them the mike and getting them to help bring the place down!

There's lots of raps – the only trace of the DL Roth *foetus* still remaining – sometimes bordering on sermonising (my only complaint of the night) but going over damn well with the audience, especially the stuff about "weekend wimps" (*ie.* those who didn't come to this Thursday night show), the "let's-all-testify" *spiel* for the ultra-anthem 'I Believe In Rock 'N' Roll', the PMRC rap, how Washington holds him responsible for the breakdown of morality and how he just wants to do *one* thing, 'I Wanna *Rock*', and his apt comment on tonight's gathering, "small in number but *mighty in rock 'n' roll power!*" with the usual "sick m-f" stuff thrown in for luck.

Dee really works an audience, feeding it rather than feeding off it; it's only when he takes himself too seriously and the band gets to take a backseat that my feet start itching for the bar.

Lots more anthems follow, the stuff they do best, 'We're Not Gonna Take It' coming complete with some silhouetted domestic aggro in the upper window of the stage 'house', a rousing singalong that shows the Twisted Sister attitude, music and concept at its best. There's a ballad, 'The Price', some headbanging mayhem, 'Burn In Hell', some glamarama, 'You Want What We Got', and a final encore, 'Be Chrool To Your Scuel'.

Twisted Sister are no threat to society; those antiseptic, contrived US bands who threaten to drown the nation's youth in *Dettol* are the threat to society. What they are – still *are* – is a good, hard, hard-working, rock 'n' roll band! SYLVIE SIMMONS

CHARLIE SEXTON
Marquee, London

WHO, YOU might reasonably be wondering, is Charlie Sexton? Good question. Mr Sexton is a young hot-shot from Austin, Texas, who *MCA* have an awful lot of faith in and have, gratifyingly enough, backed up that faith with an awful lot of money. Indeed, money seems no object as far as this guy is concerned; so is he worth all the input?

I think the answer has got to be, YES. Now, none of us these days is naive enough to believe that anyone becomes massive other than whom the record companies *want* to become massive, and certainly *MCA* seem to want this for Charlie Sexton. But such hopes depend on a bedrock of talent; Duran Duran, for instance, didn't get to be so mega just because they look pretty. No, they've also penned some of the best pop songs this decade. Charlie Sexton is a mere 17 (if we are to believe the press handouts) and is clearly an excellent guitarist. Despite a muted sound at the *Marquee*, Mr Sexton cranked it out with some venom and no little expertise. The boy is talented, no doubt about it.

He also looks great. But this statement comes with a proviso: the man has a haircut problem. He has great cheekbones, he looks like a movie star, he is tall and thin with just an inkling of vulnerability – but he has a haircut problem. And the problem is this: to attain the kind of across-the-board appeal I suspect is the aim with Charlie Sexton he needs to shoot for the hearts of pre-teens and housewives with his looks, and the rest with his music. To become mega-massive the little girls need to understand and at present I can't help but feel they won't. Charlie looks too punky, too street-urchin, too gangland with his hair in an untidy straggle. He needs to look tough, sure, but *lovable* too – somewhere between Rick Springfield and Billy Idol. But this is just a cosmetic complaint.

On with the serious stuff, the music. Anyone who can attract the interest of producer Keith Forsey has got to be worth taking note of, and the numbers from Charlie's debut album aired here, like the single 'Beat's So Lonely' and 'Impressed', are catchy tunes that will doubtless serve as a platform to launch Mr Sexton to greater heights. The trouble is, he doesn't have enough of them at the moment to fill out a set, and it's a little worrying when the best song of the evening is a cover of Bowie's 'Rebel Rebel'.

His vocal inflection, too, comes straight from the Bowie copybook but that, along with the dearth of particularly memorable material, will probably disappear with age. I kept asking myself: what would Bryan Adams have been like at 17? Probably not nearly as marketable as Charlie Sexton.

Given enough time to develop Charlie Sexton will become a very, *very* big star in the latter half of this decade. All he needs to do is drop the Pistols' cover and/or style of delivery, get himself a band together who can play with some heart and soul, and get a good haircut, then we'll be away. DAVE DICKSON

CHARIOT
Marquee, London

IMAGINE PLAYING leap-frong with a freight train. Or picking your nose with a lighted stick of dynamite. Or mistaking a tin of sulphuric acid for your ear-drops. That's Chariot. . .

But unlike many Metalliferrous outfits, Chariot seem to have a tight grip on their direction; this was no thrash, bang, wallop affair with such things as 'songs' buried under a landslide of dumb-dumb decibels, yet neither was it a fairy-footed flirt through fields of mushy melodies, honeyed harmonies and caramel choruses – NO FEAR! This was Metal alright, compact and controlled, sharp and shattering, and aimed straight between your eyes rather than over your head. And I enjoyed it . . . for a while.

Fronted by vocalist/rhythm axeman Pete Franklin, and flanked by lead stringsman Scott Biaggi and bonce-banging bass-boy John Smith, Chariot launched into 'When The Moon Shines' with unsettling force and continued to singe eyebrows with a battery of 'bangers from their debut 'Warrior' LP – stuff like 'Take Your Hands Off Me', 'All Alone Again', 'Horizon' and 'Love Or Leave Me'.

Franklin, sounding like Lemmy after singing lessons and looking like a cross between Francis Rossi and Cronos, injected a great deal of humour into the proceedings – indeed, one of the best things about Chariot was that they didn't seem to take themselves too seriously – while bassist Smith (the pin-up of the band, I wuz told! . . .?. . !) dashed around the small stage like Alex Higgins after a pound of coke, adding to the group's incredible energy.

With no less than eight tracks from their new 'Burning Ambition' album ('This Time You Lose' and 'Cradle To The Grave' being the only absentees) and two more from the 'Warrior' LP ('Run With The Pack' and 'Vigilante'), Chariot continued their aural assault with venomous vigour and in the end I had to retire to the bar for a medicinal pint of *Guinness*. An unexpected slow number, namely 'So Blind', made for a welcome break after so many *blitzkrieg* bops, but by this stage my brain had begun to boil with all the molten Metal swirling around and towards the end everything seemed to become a bit of a blur.

However, that's to take nowt away from Chariot's efforts tonight; deep down they may be a pretty standard Metal band, but they do what they do extremely well and I dare say that's all they want. MARK PUTTERFORD

JOHN SMITH of CHARIOT: 'like picking your nose with a lighted stick of dynamite'

LOCAL CHART

1 THE WARNING **Queensrÿche** (EMI America)
2 SACRED HEART **Dio** (Vertigo)
3 KNIGHTS OF THE NEW THUNDER **TNT** (Vertigo)
4 THE DEED IS DONE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
5 GREAT WHITE **Great White** (EMI America)
6 RISING **Rainbow** (Polydor)
7 WINGS OF TOMORROW **Europe** (Epic)
8 READY TO STRIKE **King Kobra** (Capitol)
9 SCRATCH AND BITE **Treat** (Polygram)
10 OPEN FIRE **Y&T** (A&M)
11 PHENOMENA **Various** (Bronze)
12 ROCK WILL NEVER DIE **The Michael Schenker Group** (Chrysalis)
13 DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH **Judas Priest** (CBS)
14 HEADING FOR A STORM **Vandenberg** (Atco)
15 BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
16 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
17 DISTURBING THE PEACE **Alcatrazz** (Capitol)
18 VOA **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
19 STAND YOUR GROUND **Wild Horses** (EMI)
20 FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
21 BLACKOUT **Scorpions** (Harvest)
22 SOLDIER'S GUN **Stage Dolls** (Polydor)
23 OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
24 SACRIFICE **Destruction** (demo)
25 HOLY DIVER **Dio** (Vertigo)
26 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
27 RUN FOR COVER **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
28 STANDING ALONE **White Wolf** (RCA)
29 THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
30 MACHINE HEAD **Deep Purple** (Harvest)

Compiled by Radio Melkebart, *Norway.*

Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

RON KEEL (KEEL)
'NIGHT OF THE CRIME' Icon (Capitol import)
'WITHOUT LOVE' Black 'N Blue (Geffen import)
'ICON' Icon (Capitol import)

DAN BEEHLER (EXCITER)
'SNAGGLETOOTH' Motörhead (track from the 'No Remorse' LP on Bronze)
'PERFECT STRANGERS' Deep Purple (Polydor)
'ACE OF SPADES' Motörhead (Bronze)

GREGG GIUFFRIA (GIUFFRIA)
'ADDICTED TO LOVE' Robert Palmer (Island 45)
'PERFECT WAY' Scritti Politti (Warner Brothers 45)
'FLASH' Jeff Beck (Epic)

GLENN HUGHES (BLACK SABBATH)
'SWEETEST TABBOO' Sade (track from the 'Promise' LP on Portrait)
'COLOUR OF SUCCESS' Morris Day (Warner Brothers)
'BLUE WORLD' Moody Blues (track from 'The Present' LP on Threshold)

IMPORTS

1 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Victor Japan)
2 SUSPICIOUS HEART **Van Stephenson** (MCA)
3 POISON DOLLYS **Poison Dollys** (Invasion)
4 SURRENDER **Joshua** (SMS)
5 FIT OF ANGER **Wrath** (Greenworld)
6 WAR GAMES **Grave Digger** (Noise)
7 THE PACK IS BACK **Raven** (Atlantic)
8 LIVING IN THE STREETS **The Inner Scent** (Red Label)
9 METAL MASSACRE 7 **Various** (Metal Blade)
10 YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT! **Rosy Vista** (Noise)

INDIE METAL

1	10	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)
2	3	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	—	MANIPULATE **Ausgang** (FM)
4	2	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
5	19	WHEN MIDNIGHT COMES **Surgin** (Music For Nations)
6	—	ANTHOLOGY **Uriah Heep** (Raw Power)
7	1	SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Enigma/Stiff)
8	—	BORN TO LOSE (LIVE TO WIN) **Motörhead** (Dojo)
9	6	BEST OF HANOI ROCKS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
10	re	SPEED KILLS **Various** (Music For Nations)
11	12	BABES IN TOYLAND **Castle Blak** (Heavy Metal America)
12	13	CALL OF THE WILD **Lee Aaron** (Roadrunner)
13	7	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
14	—	METAL ANARCHY **Warfare** (Neat)
15	—	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
16	4	ERIC MARTIN **Eric Martin** (Music For Nations)
17	5	ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** (Raw Power)
18	8	BACK WITH THE BOYS **Bernie Tormé** (Raw Power)
19	9	I'LL GET YOU ROCKIN' **The Godz** (Heavy Metal America)
20	11	CHEQUERED PAST **Chequered Past** (Heavy Metal America)

VIDEO

1	1	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island Pictures)
2	2	ALCHEMY LIVE **Dire Straits** (PolyGram)
3	4	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (PMI)
4	3	GREATEST FLIX **Queen** (PMI)
5	5	DANCE OF FIRE **The Doors** (CIC)
6	10	RECITAL OF THE SCRIPT **Marillion** (PMI)
7	6	LIVE IN RIO **Queen** (PMI)
8	8	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Virgin)
9	11	GENESIS LIVE – THE MAMA TOUR **Genesis** (Virgin)
10	—	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
11	—	LIVE AT PERKINS PALACE **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
12	12	VITAL IDOL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
13	7	WORLD WIDE LIVE **Scorpions** (PMI)
14	14	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME **Led Zeppelin** (Warner Brothers)
15	9	LIVE INNOCENCE **Saxon** (PMI)

KERRANG!

EDITOR/'EAD 'ITTER
GEOFF BARTON

DEPUTY EDITOR
Dante Bonutto

INTERNATIONAL DEZIGNER/ART DIREKTOR
Steve 'Krusher' Joule

NEWZ EDITOR
Malcolm Dome

PHOTOGRAPHERZ
Ross 'Global' Halfin, Robert Ellis, Ray Palmer, Pete Cronin, George Bodnar

KONTRIBUTORZ
Howard Johnson, Chris Welch, Dave Dickson, Xavier Russell, Sylvie Simmons, Paul Roland, David Sinclair, Mick Wall, Mark Putterford, Derek Oliver

INZTRUMENT REVIEWERZ
Tim Oakes, Paul Henderson

PUBLISHED by
Spotlight Publications Ltd,
Greater London House,
Hampstead Road,
London NW1 7QZ
Tel: 01-387 6611

MANAGING DIRECTOR
Jack Hutton

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Bob Thrussell

GROUP PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Mike Sharman

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER
David Oberlé

ADVERTISEMENT PRODUCTION MANAGER
Tony Dixon

SECRETARY
Janice Issitt

DISTRIBUTED by
Spotlight Magazine Distribution Ltd,
1 Benwell Road,
London N7.
Tel: 01-607 6411

TYPESET by
Marlin Graphics Ltd,
Orpington, Kent

PRINTED by
Severn Valley Press Ltd,
Caerphilly,
Mid-Glamorgan

©1986 Morgan Grampian plc

SINGLES

1	3	BURNING HEART (THEME FROM 'ROCKY IV') **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
2	2	SHOT IN THE DARK **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
3	1	WALK OF LIFE **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
4	7	SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
5	—	STAGES **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
6	—	SILENT RUNNING **Mike & The Mechanics** (WEA International)
7	—	THIS TIME **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
8	—	HOT GIRLS IN LOVE **Cherry Bombz** (Lick)
9	12	VOICES **Russ Ballard** (EMI America)
10	8	SARA **Starship** (RCA)
11	6	SMALL TOWN **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
12	4	SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
13	5	I CAN'T WAIT **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
14	—	YOU'RE IN LOVE **Ratt** (Atlantic)
15	10	EDGE OF DARKNESS **Eric Clapton with Michael Kamen** (BBC)
16	—	BORN TO RUN **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
17	11	LEADER OF THE PACK **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
18	—	GIMME GIMME IT ALL **Spider** (PRT)
19	18	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
20	13	THROWING STONES AT THE WIND **Pallas** (Harvest)
21	16	HEART OF LOTHIAN **Marillion** (EMI)
22	re	GO **Asia** (Geffen)
23	14	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
24	20	THE WORLD WAITS FOR YOU **Fastway** (CBS)
25	9	WE BUILT THIS CITY **Starship** (RCA)
26	15	NINETEEN **Phil Lynott** (Polydor)
27	17	CAPTAIN BLOOD **Beltane Fire** (CBS)
28	22	SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK 'N' ROLL STAR **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
29	23	RUN TO THE HILLS (LIVE) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
30	24	RUNNING FREE (LIVE) **Iron Maiden** (EMI)

ALBUMS

1	—	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
2	1	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
3	10	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
4	—	THE WEDGE **Pallas** (Harvest)
5	8	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
6	2	ROCK A LITTLE **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/ Parlophone)
7	11	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
8	4	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
9	25	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
10	16	AFTERBURNER **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
11	—	KAIZOKU-BAN **Accept** (Portrait)
12	21	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
13	9	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
14	14	QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
15	17	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
16	3	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
17	30	SCARECROW **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
18	6	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
19	—	DIFFERENT BREED **Beltane Fire** (CBS)
20	22	WAR **U2** (Island)
21	5	DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
22	—	WAITING FOR THE ROAR **Fastway** (CBS)
23	33	INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
24	38	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
25	12	SEVEN THE HARD WAY **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
26	34	STEREOTOMY **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
27	23	ASTRA **Asia** (Geffen)
28	26	DONE WITH MIRRORS **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
29	20	KNEE DEEP IN THE HOOPLA **Starship** (RCA)
30	18	LIVE AFTER DEATH **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
31	32	GREATEST HITS **The Cars** (Elektra)
32	28	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
33	47	REBEL YELL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
34	39	PACK UP THE PLANTATION **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
35	43	THE LAST COMMAND **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
36	13	FLY ON THE WALL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
37	15	THE COMPLETE MIKE OLDFIELD **Mike Oldfield** (Virgin)
38	29	PREMONITION **Peter Frampton** (Virgin)
39	7	BLACK AND WHITE **Terraplane** (Epic)
40	27	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
41	41	TWITCH **Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
42	36	CLUB NINJA **Blue Oyster Cult** (CBS)
43	44	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
44	50	THE RIVER **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
45	re	DIARY OF A MADMAN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
46	19	DELIRIOUS NOMAD **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
47	24	COME OUT AND PLAY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
48	31	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (Fame)
49	35	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS Nice Price)
50	46	THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'MICKEY DUDESICKLE' DOME
'SEVENTH STAR' Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi (Vertigo)
'RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD' Various (Big Beat)
'DIFFICULT TO CURE' Rainbow (track from the 'Finyl Vinyl' LP on Polydor)

XAVIER 'FRASH AXEPERT' RUSSELL
'DISPOSABLE HEROES' Metallica (track from the 'Master Of Puppets' LP on Music For Nations)
'GORGAR' Helloween (track from the 'Walls Of Jericho' LP on Noise import)
'LET YOUR HEADS ROLL' Grave Digger (track from the 'War Games' LP on Noise import)

STEVE 'LUSHER' JOULE
'FINYL VINYL' Rainbow (Polydor)
'MASTER OF PUPPETS' Metallica (Music For Nations)
'HIGH TIDE' High Tide (Psycho)

DANTE 'STILL BISHOP?' BONUTTO
'MASTER OF PUPPETS' Metallica (Music For Nations)
'FINYL VINYL' Rainbow (Polydor)
'DIFFERENT BREED' Beltane Fire (CBS)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

FM ● ROLLING STONES ● AC/DC ● CASTLE BLAK ● BABY TUCKOO

ROCK TO ROCK
THE NEW ALBUM FROM
2TIMER
(HMA SP 61)
Heavy Metal America
is a division of
The Heavy Metal Record Co. Ltd.
152 Goldthorn Hill, Penn, Wolverhampton, WV2 3JA, England. Tel (0902) 345345 Telex 335419 ROKSON G
Thru EMI

LADY Killers

GINA

GINA? Yeah, that's right, just *Gina!* Actually, the girl's full name is Gina ***Lugiano,*** but apparently sick an' tired of said ethnic appendage being seriously pispronounced, she decided to dispense with it altogether (it's *Loo-gee-ah-no*, if you're interested). So what has young Gina done to attract the attention of the roving *Lady Killers* lens – this time attached to the prying right peeper of **Peter** 'Crone' **Cronin**?

Weeelll. . . the gal is lead guitarist with all-female, New Jersey act **Pantara** who have two tracks featured on a forthcoming album, called appropriately enough **'Ladykillers'**, set to be released on Los Angeles-based *New Renaissance Records (via Greenworld)* very shortly. The tracks in question are **'Torn Away'** and **'Nitemare'**.

Other artistes included on this compilation of female rockers are **Deepfreeze**, **DC LaCroix**, **Judy Saiya** and **Hellion** (new version).

Pantara – completed by **Leyna Michelle** (vox), **Sabrina Qualli** (bass) and **Barbara Sehr** (drums) – and formed some two years ago, recently made a self-financed video, presumably to assist in their quest for management; interested parties can get in touch at **PO Box 922, Westwood, New Jersey 07675, USA.**

DANTE BONUTTO

Pic Peter Cronin

ZENO

are

ZENO ROTH
Guitars/Harmony Vocals

MICHAEL FLEXIG
Lead Vocals

ULE-WINSOMIE RITGEN
Bass/Harmony Vocals

DEBUT ALBUM
RELEASED 10th MARCH

ZENO PULL-OUT POSTER

PARLOPHONE

FANTASTIK FREE PATCH WITH NEXT ISSUE

Pic Ray Palmer

OK KIDZ, start hunting for some space on your gigging jeans and get ready to stitch your rock jacket, because we're about to unleash the brand new *Kerrang!* patches! That's right, two in fact, one blue, one black, and, what's more, TOTALLY FREE!

Well, *almost*. Here's the scam. On the cover of the next issue of *Kerrang!* – issue 116, on sale March 20 – will be *one* of the two patches pictured here. So if you want both (and why not?) you'll have to fork out for two copies of the mag . . . either that or whip one from the stand while no-one's looking. But let's not get into that. Let's stick to the patches . . . the blue one carries the message THE ULTIMATE ROCK MAGAZINE, while the black 'un is emblazoned with the slogan WHERE LEGENDS LIVE . . . or where *leg-ends* meet, as we like to think of it!

What next? *Kerrang!* eye-patches? *Kerrang!* bras and leather thongs? *Kerrang!* jockstraps . . . heh, heh, heh . . .?!